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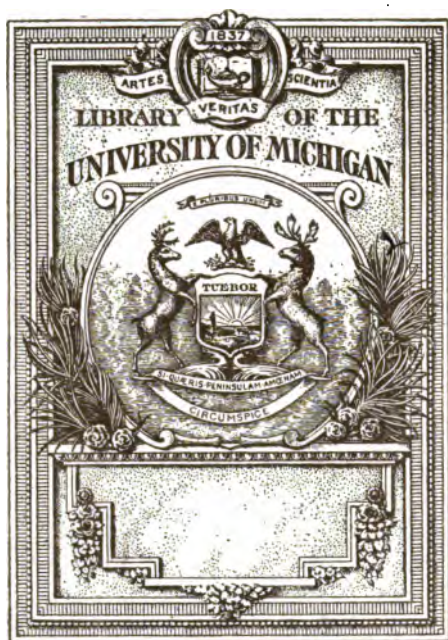
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THE  
Poets of the Future

*A College Anthology*



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## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE





# The Poets of the Future

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*A College Anthology  
for 1920-1921*

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Edited by

HENRY T. SCHNITTKIND, Ph. D.



THE STRATFORD CO., Publishers  
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To the  
*Singers of the Songs of Youth*  
*This Volume is Dedicated*  
*by the Editor*



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## Preface

We beg to thank the college professors, the students, the editors of the various student magazines, and all the others who have generously co-operated in the compilation of this year's College Anthology.



## Introduction

**A** MOST interesting, though indirect reflection on our present day literature is found in an advertisement of Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett" which I have just read. Part of this advertisement runs as follows:

"The play as published here contains two endings — the one originally written by Miss Gale, highly praised by the critics, but which did not find favor with the public — and a revised ending that proved more satisfactory to the theatregoers."

For five years we have been trying to select what to us has seemed to be the best poetry written by our college students. A very small number of the poets whose work has been published in the College Anthologies have subsequently produced creditable books of their own. Others, however, among them being the most promising originally, have thus far remained silent. Wherein lies the difficulty? I think it is in the struggle between the two endings of one's literary career, — the one approved by the worthwhile critics and the other demanded by the public, — that most of the promising talent dies a premature death.



## INTRODUCTION

Among this year's group of college poets there are also a number who show distinct promise of better things to come. Will this promise be fulfilled or will it peter out in a "revised ending that will prove satisfactory to the theatregoers"? For the sake of poetry I hope that the authors of the best selections in this book will never descend to literary popularity. If they write sincerely *of* themselves *for* themselves, they are sure to hit upon the truth; but if they write *of* the multitude *for* the multitude, they are apt to produce that which they know not for those that care not. And, above all, may God save the Poets of the Future from the necessity of aiming for the editor's cheque, for that is the quickest and surest way to put a check upon true poetry.

The Editor.

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## The Poets of the Future

JOSEPH C. LYONS

*Washington University*

They have bound our hearts together ;  
Set them out on life's great sea  
Where the storms will surely drive us  
Now and then into the lee.

But I hope, dear friends, we make it, —  
Put our ships back on the main, —  
Find our duly treasures waiting,  
As old Time will sift the grain.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Mallards In February

CLEMENT SMITH

*University of Michigan*

Grey grass, brown leaves, and sunlit snow,  
And the restless sound of the river's flow ;  
Gaunt black trees, and their blacker shadows,  
Like great snakes out of the snowy meadows  
Crawling down to the little river,  
Twisting and crawling, nor moving ever.

Bluer than ever on August morn,  
Through snow blown shores the river swings.  
Over the brink, an ice-sheathed thorn  
Trails, and a pointed ripple is born.  
Hush! Three bright birds on vibrant wings  
Drop at the bend where the eddy sings.

Three trim shapes by the willow tree ;  
Three colored splashes of green and brown ;  
A magic moment, and then they flee,  
Around the bend, into mystery.  
And over the trackless, snowy down  
I turn my steps to the distant town.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Old Pan is afar in Arcady,  
Where fields are green to his hairy knee;  
Yet, down by the bend in the river's shore,  
Where the tussock grasses are stiff and frore,  
Laughing there, on the frozen sod,  
Didn't I see the Goat-hoofed God?

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### March Sky at Evening

TOM DAWSON

*Washington University*

In a cavalcade, the cobalt clouds,  
Sweep grandly down the sky,  
Like dark, proud warriors mounted on  
Wild steeds, they hurry by.  
Away from the East's mild pink and mauve  
They go with zest to die.

No, — not to battle, — the Western sky  
Is one wide inky wave, —  
As dreadful as a catafalque  
Of some distinguished brave,  
Whom fierce battalions honor  
With escort to the grave.

And there is martial music  
To speed their mounts along,  
The wind booms down the highway  
In a brusque barbaric song;  
Relieved with sudden moaning  
For Death's eternal wrong.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

And now, pink strips and violet walls  
    Make music in the East,  
As if there might be revelry  
    At some funereal feast,  
Where lots are cast for holdings  
    Of the glorious deceased.



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Fulfillment

MRS. CARRIE G. FLINT

*Indiana University*

Yesterday,  
The spring rain, light as a baby's breath,  
Mated on earth with the thirsty flame;  
And the child, veil-born, by a rainbow nursed,  
Lifted eager arms to the mother-hood of the sky,  
To be folded close on the opal breast of a cloud —  
To-day it rains on the quiet sod.

Let Us Partake of April

SAMUEL HELLER

*Brown University*

Let us partake of April,  
Love, you and I —  
The birches in our garden  
Throb, white beneath the sky.

The yellow-purple pansies,  
The blue forget-me-nots —  
What gladness now betides them  
In their grass-bordered plots!

And many a robin redbreast  
Sings just beyond our door —  
Let us partake of April,  
Ere April is no more.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### May Song

ROSALIE DUNLAP

*University of Michigan*

May that comes on dancing feet  
Lifts her mouth to you,  
And her finger tips are cool  
Dabbling in a sunny pool  
And her wind blown hair is sweet  
And her eyes are blue.

May that comes on dancing feet  
Lifts her mouth to you,  
Fragrant with the smell of earth  
Wistful with a dream of birth  
Warm with passions that entreat  
Wet with honey-dew.

May that comes on dancing feet  
Lifts her mouth to you,  
Kiss her ere her time is past  
Gaily — as it were the last,  
Life the Giver is so fleet, —  
Youth so soon is through.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The Rain

VIRGINIA CLAY HAMILTON

*University of Kentucky*

The straight, black rain rules the city tonight,  
The old, old rain that was before man.  
He is blurring the lights.  
He is stamping out the street noises  
With the clatter, clatter, clatter  
Of his million marching feet.  
He is a giant.  
He sneers at the midgets  
Who dash frantically about,  
Brandishing umbrellas,  
Puny weapons  
To ward off the chilling touch of his fingers.  
But his touch grows very tender to the tiny  
    brown seeds  
Who lie beneath the sod.  
They wake and thrill to his hands as to a  
    lover's —  
The old, old rain that was before man.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Dandelions

BERNARD M. WAGNER

*Campion College*

On the green  
Of the countryside,  
In gaberdine  
Of yellow, wandering far and wide,  
For my heart  
A little part  
Of Springtime's joy you hold,  
Outcroppings of live gold!

Bobs of ardent yellow!  
Tumbled on the ground.  
(Each a tousled fellow!)  
You nod and bow around.  
Perched on tender scions  
In the air  
Everywhere  
Little dandelions!

With your brilliant valor  
You chased the Winter's pallor,  
Were first to woo the gentle blue-gowned  
skies;

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

You made a gallant sally  
On every hill and valley,  
    And took all lawns and gardens by surprise.  
Now with the birds' sweet rime,  
    And insects' sleepy rune,  
    And Pan's round-de-lay and tune,  
You wait the summertime!

You little rogues o' mischief there —  
That chat and straggle on the lawn!  
With dewy heads at peep o' dawn  
    You shake, and blinking at the day,  
    You're off upon your merry play.  
You are the sprites of "Never-care."  
    In fairy ring or coterie  
    You make a mellow glamourie.  
The pleasant, gold sun sinking low  
    Finds you so!  
Content are you each with a yawn  
To droop your heads just where you are,  
Then slip to sleep in the fading glow,  
To dream of the dusk and the evening star!

Little sparks o' Sunshine —  
    (Harbingers of Spring!)  
Gladdening with your presence  
    Every blessed thing.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

On green grassy places  
And hillsides seldom trod,  
With your upturned faces  
You smile on God!

## Midsummer Meadows

CLYDE FRANCIS LYTLE *William and Mary College*

Touched by the glistening sun's celestial fire,  
On trembling fronds the rain-drop lanterns  
glow;  
Where the wild thrush sings his daybreak note,  
And swamp rose and the tawny lilies grow.

In meadows pied, the red-top bends to kiss  
A black-eyed Susan, smiling, unashamed;  
And dusty-headed timothy grieves o'er  
Wee blue-grass flowers, by the mowers  
claimed.

The milkweed entertains small butterflies,  
From cups with luring, sparkling nectar filled,  
Whose painted wings add dancing shade to  
those  
By Nature o'er the glowing landscape  
spilled.

From swaying poplars on the dusty road,  
The drought-fly strums his G-string, out of  
tune;



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And the green crests of the sumacs bring fore-  
casts

Of autumn's burgundy and rich maroon.

But lavish August still spreads gorgeous hues  
Where startling, ardent saffron dots the way,  
And crimson-tinted hawkweed hangs its head,  
And pasture bloom breaks into golden spray.

## Playmates

EUNICE RICE

*New York State College*

It is a bright October day.  
Sunbeam and Shadow are at play.  
Each a tiny little sprite,  
One is dark and one is light.  
Watch them play at skipping tag;  
Sunbeam's "it" — the scalawag!  
Now they romp at hide and seek;  
'Round each shifting leaf they peek.  
Shadow's hiding, Sunbeam's after.  
Can't you almost hear their laughter?

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Winter

F. EARL WARD

*Oberlin College*

The mad wind's raging o'er the hills to-night;  
On wild, gaunt feet, naked I see him go,  
Hurling with grim, blue-veinèd arms the snow,  
And plucking at the trees with frenzied might.  
Come, draw the shades — within's the cheery  
bright

Of seasoned oak-hearts, setting cheeks aglow.  
Where winds insanely rage I'll never know;  
Enough to dream of faces in the light!  
Lost faces! How I've chased you since you  
went,

Desire like vagrant winds compelling me,  
But caught you here in firelight's fleeting art.  
Dear faces! Was't to teach me you were sent  
That Yearning howls o'er hill and grave and  
tree,

But Mem'ry comes as firelight to the heart!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Snowfall

WILLIAM SEAGLE

*Columbia University Law School*

The clouds piled high,  
A jumble of tattered pillows lie,  
And down thru every opened rift  
White feather-dust sifts. . . .

Or it may be a million, million butterflies,  
Tiny, white, ephemeral,  
In this strange Spring are fluttering  
Within the huge net of the skies. . . . .

By noon a church nearby,  
Surmounted by a wooden steeple,  
Suggests a white fool's cap to passing people . . .

Within, a marriage has been celebrated;  
And now, as there emerge  
The two just mated,  
Their happy friends about them surge,  
Throwing white rice elated.  
The old, old sky joins in

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

In no such manner petty,  
For it is shaking down  
Whole heaps of white confetti. . . . .

An idle fellow such as I  
Sits making metaphors,  
While aldermen to-night will curse  
The bandages upon the traffic sores. . . . .

## The Wail of the North Wind

PAUL E. LIANDRY

*Clark University*

From o'er the barren, leafless hills,  
The North Wind shrieks and drones,  
As if in anguish wrung, it shrills,  
Then dies to sighs and moans.

A wild, weird lullaby it sings,  
Lonely and bleak and drear,  
To notes of pathos deep, it clings,  
A murmuring song of fear.

Boreas seems to dread the past;  
In dulcet tones he pleads  
For victims of his uncurbed blast,  
Whose souls cry out his deeds.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Frost

VERNA BAYLES

*Wilson College*

Her heart is bleak  
As a wind-swept street in late autumn,  
And as still.  
Only her dust-brown thoughts  
Stir drily now and then,  
Like dead, brown leaves that blow  
About the street,  
In sudden gusts of autumn wind.

Her thoughts were bright once,  
And fair as green, young leaves . . .  
But there came one  
Whose touch was as the first white frost . . .  
Her thoughts have withered, and fallen,  
One by one. . . .  
She turns dull, listless eyes  
Upon the glory of a summer day.

Her heart is bleak  
As a wind-swept street in late autumn,  
And as still.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Nature Song

A. Y. JAMESON

*University of Minnesota*

I

Love me, dreamer,  
Make songs for me, poet,  
For I am green and pale gold.

I am the dark hair of night,  
And the perfume of clover fields,  
I am the softness of a woman's throat,  
And the call of the salt sea.

Dream of me, dreamer,  
Sing for me, poet . . .  
Love me . . . you fools!

II

Man, I do not forget —  
Time was when I held my trees dear,  
But you cut them with cold edges  
And burnt them to warm yourself.



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Clutching gold and silver to my bosom  
I was silent when you ripped my bosom  
To get the gold and silver,  
But I do not forget —

I thought my mountains impregnable in their  
stone loftiness,  
But you have augered through them,  
And flung your steel ribbons over bottomless  
gulfs.

I joyed in the rush of my waters and the wildness  
of my wind,  
But you have devised keels that laugh at my  
waters,  
You have built machines that surmount my wind.  
Man, man, I do not forget —

### III

My wrath is black as charred wood when I sweep  
through my forests with feet of fire.  
My hate is molten as the stone I buried Pompeii  
under,  
Cold as the iceberg I hurled against the Titanic.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

My anger is the whiteness of snows,  
    unending. . . .  
    blinding. . . .

And over my mountains hang the ghosts of rocks  
    broken by your blasts, man.  
Through my rivers swim the ghosts of fish caught  
    in your nets, man.  
Phantom secrets mock my brain, secrets that you  
    wring from me.  
But my rage is a white avalanche,  
The earth opening and swallowing a city.  
My anger is fearful desolation. . . .  
    and I do not forget.

IV

Sing of my greenness, world of men,  
Dream in my soft evenings  
With the women you love;  
Drift over my lakes and plunge your hands  
    into the cool water —  
I am very beautiful. . . .

But some day  
I will leap like a red flame

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

With the ghosts of a million wrongs gibbering in  
my ears.

Some day I will start like a slash of pain  
and my broken branches  
and gutted hills  
Shall be avenged!

And you and your gods  
Consumed!

## World Wonder

NANCY ELLEN WHITE

*Mills College*

I have grown strong with walking 'neath tall  
trees,  
Endurance learned from patient gray-rocked  
hills;  
Have faced with fearlessness the high-flung  
breeze  
That tears the petaled gold of daffodils.  
But now that Spring has swept her hearthstone  
clean  
And lighted fires of youth, and life, and play,  
I turn away with strange doubt, unforeseen,  
For, world, you are too beautiful — today.  
The pale-robed dawn too quickly came this morn,  
With startled eyes new blossoms woke to view  
Their own reflected loveliness, or scorn  
The clear bright mirror of the heaven's blue.  
Let me not stir — lest the slight sound should  
wake  
A sleeping bird — whose song my heart would  
break!

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Dew In the Grass

VIRGINIA MOORE

*Hollins College*

Shining and slender and wistful  
Morning comes over the hills  
And clinging about her garments' hem  
Is the fragrance of daffodils.

Often I follow her footprints  
Marked by the dew in the grass, —  
Jewels that fall from her wind-blown hair,  
Gleam as her light feet pass.

But now like the Morning I'm wistful:  
Not jewels that fall from her hair  
Are the glistening points on the tips of the grass,  
But tears that the Night left there.

## High Noon

EDWARD W. STRONG

*Stanford University*

Hill and a hill — one green, one blue,  
A sky of cotton clouds;  
The sun behind scarce peeping through  
At fields in shadow shrouds.

A drowsy hum and purple haze  
Arise on waves of heat —  
A little swirl of dust up-sways  
Scuffed by the wind's hot feet.

A lazy hawk 'twixt sky and earth  
Hangs poised o'er green hedged rows,  
There seems to be no death or birth  
And nothing dies or grows.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Silver Moment

LOUIS ZUKORSKY

*Columbia University*

Now that the day is ending, and the sun  
Has shed its last dull gold on purple hills,  
Now that each leaf is mute, and the hushed air  
fills

With the grey heaviness of silence spun  
By hidden hands, and silver winds have fled  
Taking the laughter from the sun-flaked grasses,  
Now as the footfall of this moment passes, —  
Give thanks for sadness, let no word be said.

I shall accept this moment pure, immense,  
And in the useless loveliness of things  
My thoughts shall find the world's one recom-  
pense

For all the sorrows that it brought; and I  
Shall dream old dreams, till night has poised its  
wings

And the first white star blossoms in the sky.

## Evening Song

FREDERICK H. LAPE

*Cornell University*

Glow of the evening west,  
Breath of the sun at rest,  
    Fade slowly;  
Kissing the quiet Night,  
Mingling with her thy light,  
    Fade slowly, slowly.

Star of the evening sky,  
As sunset colors die  
    Shine softly;  
Lustre of world unknown,  
Braving the west alone,  
    Shine softly, softly.

Breeze of the evening air,  
Fresh from thy clover lair,  
    Blow gently.  
Banish the day's dread heat,  
Breathing with odors sweet;  
    Blow gently, gently.



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Moon of the cooling night,  
Silver the fields with light,  
    Gleam brightly.  
Touch thou the murmuring stream;  
O'er it with golden gleam  
    Play lightly, lightly.

## Night

WARREN FREDERIC LEWIS    *Stanford University*

Night is but a silken web of black  
That stretches over all the universe,  
Wherein that waiting, one-eyed spider moon  
Keeps watch for struggling star-flies which  
    traverse  
    Her ebony domain.

But tender dawn comes riding on the morn,  
And sweeps from out the sky, the web of black,  
Releasing all the star-flies caught therein,  
Which loosed, soon vanish in a hurried flight —  
    And all is light again.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Nocturne

S. ELIZABETH AXTELL

*University of Southern California*

Just a breath across the tall dry grass —

I heard it pass.

Then all was still ;

Deep silence settled on the lonely hill.

I waited, wondering why the moon amid

The silver veil of trailing clouds was hid.

The cold stars shivered in the vast, dark blue

And waited too.

Far down below, the city's roar and rush

Rose up to mock the silence and the hush.

But there, up there upon the hill

All was so still

I heard it pass —

A sighing breath across last summer's grass.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Claire De Lune

WALTER B. WOLFE

*Dartmouth College*

Thru a thousand tiny panes  
The moonlight filters  
Stippling the figured rugs  
Of Chateau Rococo  
With tracery of lace . . .

The old spinet tinkles a minuet  
And the Copenhagen dancing-master  
Leads the blue-eyed Copenhagen lady  
Thru a graceful measure  
Over the smooth lacquer  
Of the velvet-black mantel . . .

The pale cameo cheeks  
Of the gilded miniature princess  
Blush with pleasure:  
Prince Amadeus has seen her —  
From the rainbow tapestry  
He sighs amorously  
To clasp her rounded breasts  
Penciled by moonbeams . . .

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Alas! in vain . . .  
The meshes of the Gobelin  
Hold him prisoned on the wall,  
Forever singing his sprightly serenade  
Thrumming his green-ribboned lute  
Below his love's window . . .

The moonlight has waned,  
Fading the lace designs  
Silhouetted on the figured rugs.  
The spinet is stilled  
And the dancers whisper softly  
On the black lacquer mantel . . .  
With morning  
The fragrance of a myriad jasmine blossoms  
Wafts through the window . . .

## Mockery

KATHARINE D. RIGGS      *Mt. Holyoke College*

Happened that the moon was up before I went  
to bed,  
Poking through the bramble-trees her round  
gold head.

I didn't stop for stocking,  
I didn't stop for shoe,  
But went running out to meet her—oh, the  
night was blue!

Barefoot down the hill road, dust beneath my  
toes;  
Barefoot in the pasture smelling sweet of fern  
and rose!  
Oh, night was running with me,  
Tame folks were all in bed—  
And the moon was just showing her wild gold  
head!

But before I reached the hilltop where the  
bramble-trees are tall,  
I looked to see my lady moon—she wasn't  
there at all!—

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Not sitting on the hilltop,  
Nor slipping through the air,  
Nor hanging in the brambles by her bright gold  
hair!

I walked slowly down the pasture and slowly  
up the hill,  
Wondering and wondering, and very, very  
still.  
I didn't look behind me,  
I went at once to bed —  
And poking through the window was her bold  
gold head!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The Old Night Wind

ORA R. MOHN

*Cornell College*

The Old Night Wind  
Presses his smudgy cloak about me  
And walks beside.  
“I am old”, he says, and pauses —  
“Older than Thebes;  
I am strong, even stronger than Ocean  
Whose mane I shake —  
I bear tender tales for those who listen.  
The misty stars in my old black hat  
Are white dream ashes  
Of Attic dreamers!”



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Fantasy

JULIA HARDY

*University of Illinois*

There's a tricky moon in the sky to-night,  
And the world is doing a thousand things;  
The trees lifting longing arms to light,  
Sway to the song that the darkness sings.

The fireflies are loves which were never born,  
The moon is more cruel than dead dreams  
are —

I've tangled my hair in the white hawthorn,  
And wounded my heart on a pointed star!

## To Night

PETER H. DeVRIES

*Hope College*

O night, thou wast not meant to be a time  
Of godlessness and sin; a passive bride  
To leering, drunken Lust; a cloak to hide  
The darker deeds of Wantonness and Crime:  
Thine is a nobler mission, more sublime  
Than even that of sun-kissed day, whose  
pride  
Is now deep-buried in the shameful tide  
Of foul disease that oozes from thy slime.  
Recall, O night, thine ancient purity, —  
The shepherds dumb before thy jewelled brow,  
The angel chorus ringing out Christ's  
birth:  
Best teacher of true majesty art thou,  
Thy stars the emblems of Eternity —  
O, teach anew thy glory to the earth!

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Moon Fancies

W. POWELL JONES

*Emory University*

The moon is a pilgrim pale,  
Climbing the troubled sky;  
The cold and fitful moonbeams sail  
From a restless and clouded eye.

The moon is a sailor bold,  
Daring the milky sea —  
Long lines of scurrying clouds unfold  
And set the heavens free!

The moon is a nightingale,  
Afloat on the wings of song —  
Her note is on the dream-ship's sail;  
To lovers her dreams belong.

The moon is my fairy love,  
Lulled in the bosom of night —  
The stars of a thousand worlds above  
Have crowned her beauty with light.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

L'ENVOI

Oh, let my argosy's flight  
Come back through the streaming mist,  
For I've been abroad with the moon to-night,  
And the morning comes, dew-kissed.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Jest Restin'

A. A. LUTHER

*Otterbein College*

My idea  
Of restin'  
Is to go down to th' Crick  
And lay down on th' bank  
Near a riffle  
An' jest lay an' think an' listen  
Or maybe  
Jest lay an' listen.  
An' hear th' cow bell  
Janglin' soft like  
Way down in th' paster lot:  
An' watch th' ants  
Tote a dead bug  
Up one side of a stick and down t'other.  
(Dern little fools!)  
An' chase flies off yer nose  
An' feel sorta tickled  
When th' ol' toad  
Settin' under a cool leaf  
Ketches one.  
An' along comes an ol' scamp of a blue jay

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

An' screeches at ye  
An' a sassy little red squirrel  
Drops hunks o' bark on ye  
An' orders ye offen his earth : —  
I wonder if they's any red squirrels  
An' blue jays in Heaven ?

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### The Wind

ALVIN BRUCH    *College of the City of New York*

A disobedient and boisterous child,  
Turned out of doors until his ways improve,  
Sulks about the barn and the house-corners —  
Whimpering, half regretful, half defiant.

He whistles with a fretful cheeriness,  
Secretly vexed they do not call him in;  
He tries the door and finds it barred against  
    him,  
He rattles at the panes with new impatience.

His sob becomes a wail, his wail a shriek;  
In sudden rage he rushes through the garden,  
Uprooting greens and shattering the corn-  
    stalks,  
Sending the ducklings scampering for shelter.

Then, his strength failing, his anger lessens, —  
A tearful sorrow-softness possesses him;  
He whispers through the ear of the iron lock  
Dear promises of love and gentleness.

His spirit is subdued, his voice repentant.

## To a Mud Puddle

FORMAN G. BROWN      *University of Michigan*

So brown, so dirty by the gutter wall,  
You stand a blemish to the eyes of men;  
They look at you, or see you not at all,  
And shun you while you rise to clouds again.

Yet he who gazes on your murky face  
Sees pictures there of things as far above  
His head as God Himself; The willowy grace  
Of tree, swift-scudding clouds, or circling dove.

So is it with our lives; in hidden deeps  
We only see the wrong, nor stoop nor care  
To find the heart of purest gold which sleeps  
Within the muddy water resting there.



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### To the Wild-Rose

RUTH NAOMI LECHLITNER

*Michigan Agricultural College*

Poets have sung to you beautiful songs,  
Little pink-dressed wanderer, —  
But you are so small, and life is so big, and  
    words are so few,  
That I thought:  
What remains for me to tell of you,  
Or for you to give to the world?

And then — a girl's tired face  
Looked down upon you there:  
Forgotten dreams played in young eyes again;  
And a flush as sweet  
As your morning color crept into her cheeks.

A ragged beggar stopped beside the road  
To eat his bread and butter;  
He did not say grace,  
But he touched you, softly, before he ate,  
With a grimy finger that trembled,  
And a new light shone in his dull, hungry eyes.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

A little wife cried because her husband  
scolded her.  
But when he came home that evening  
He told her about the rose beside the path;  
They smiled, and the ache was gone,  
And there was the peace of love in two souls  
again.

Before your soft, pink eyelids closed in sleep  
Under the shining stars,  
A broken-winged butterfly fluttered to your  
heart  
And lingered there, to die.

Little wild-rose, God lives in you:  
And that is why I know  
That to the end of Time songs will be sung  
Anew to you; and that the wonderment  
Of miracles shall never pass away.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### The Garden

GEORGIA CURRAN GREER

*Goucher College*

#### I

The world is a garden to-night —  
And a beautiful Lady walks in it  
Cool — aloof — remote —  
I see her thru rifts in the wall —  
The soft mist wall of clouds.  
Her hair is shadowy, dusky —  
And her cloak is of glimmering silver.  
The flowers nod as she passes,  
And each twinkles in welcome.

#### II

And the Earth is the still, dark Pond  
In the midst of the garden  
Where the myriad fire-flies whirl,  
In a mad, senseless dance,  
And noisy insects, blinded, reel and hum  
And tiny fishes make their little ripples!  
The weeds are rank, treacherous, slippery —

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

These weeds that, long ago, were Water-lilies  
Like the tranquil face of a God.  
These have grown old — and died —  
The world is a garden, to-night.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Cloud Pictures

GRACE RUTHENBURG

*DePauw University*

#### I

#### STORM CLOUDS

Half bright, half dark, ringed and sweeping,  
Vagrant flames of Paradise  
That hither float and yonder rise —  
Goblin glamour, spirit form;  
The wild, sweet aftermath of storm!

#### II

#### WIND FACES

Terrible, pitiful faces, wind-painted on the sky,  
I pass you by,  
With a curse for the painter that daubed you  
there —  
Bitterly beautiful, hauntingly fair —  
Grinned — and left you to dry.

#### III

#### WINTER RAIN

Grey-brown streets and grey brown houses;  
Back of the snarled trumpet-vine

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The roof of the chicken coop streaked with  
rain;

The shivering milk weed again;  
Night shirts stiffen on the line.

Snaky arms and legs of trees

Poke jagged holes in the flat-faced sky.

Tears go sliding down their trunks

That the wind wipes off as it chortles by.

The rain drips down on a dribbling day;  
And Christmas a week away!

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### I Would Give Gold

STASH JASTROW

*Campion College*

I'd give a bag of yellow gold  
To have the joy the jongleurs hold.

When tired of work — oh, it is bliss  
To know the wonder of all this:

A jongleur at his languid rest  
Upon the earth's green, tender breast,

And growing fresh with bergamot —  
A hillside sunlight-splashed and shot

With tiny wild flowers, growing white.  
Oh, the jongleur's heart is light.

A gentle, wandering gypsy breeze  
Lingers in the apple trees,

Trees that drip of argentine.  
Skylarks singing dip, careen

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Among the clouds that wander by,  
Bluebirds, bits of the blue sky,

Sit and flutter in the branches  
Starting flower-avalanches

To the grass, cool, smooth and tender  
Heaping it with sudden splendor.

I'd give a bag of yellow gold  
To have the joy the jongleurs hold.

When tired of work — oh, it is bliss  
To know the wonder of all this.



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Phlox

MILTON R. BAKER

*Campion College*

Through a cretonne-curtained window  
Show the oblong beds of phlox  
Luring fan-winged butterflies  
To seek with black and cobalt eyes  
The honey-drops. Then satiate they fluttering  
go

Otherwhere. A bit of Summer's passing show  
Trundling o'er the hollyhocks  
That walk to meet the hedge of box.

The phlox flame as a strip of sunset-sky  
Dropped upon a deep green bed.  
(So they show  
Through the cretonne-curtained window!)  
A thousand varied, flaring flames,  
Fuchsine, scarlet, carmine, red.  
Luring butterflies on high  
To come and drink. Butterflies  
With peacock wings aglow  
And with black and cobalt eyes.

## Pallid Poppy

PAUL R. ECKERSON MAY

*University of California*

I walked the shore of day's ocean;  
A scintilla, out-shone  
By the battering effulgence of breakers,  
Tranquilly burgeoned near my path  
At the ebb.

Its flame hid among stems of wild oats and  
barley;  
I parted them with my hands;  
Caressing deep-cut green-gray foliage  
I searched down along a succulent stalk  
To the earth, still sun-warm:  
I proved your all, my pallid poppy.

Then, jealous my ravishment should be unique,  
A heel scrubbed that last ember into dark.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Karma

#### A TRIOLET

MARY M. MATHESON

*University of Southern California*

When Sirmio's laughing waves flaunt crests of  
gold,

A breath of endless Time blows o'er the sea ;  
I am the Nile's proud Queen in Egypt old,  
When Sirmio's laughing waves flaunt crests of  
gold ;

Alone I stand ; the deathless stars shine cold ;  
And then — across the sand you come to me ;  
When Sirmio's laughing waves flaunt crests of  
gold ;

A breath of endless Time blows o'er the sea.

## Behind the Falls

LEE M. NEIDIFFER      *University of California*

You've seen below the falls how bubbles flake  
Swift-moving waters; how each throbbing  
weight

Of convoluted jade or alabaster  
When it plumbs the depths of swirling pools  
Comes surfaceward all shot with fairy foam,  
With winding flashes of the sun, and quick,  
Elusive rainbows in the swirling green.  
So also are there grey, forsaken falls,  
Bereft of sun and shadows, where the flood  
Pours soundlessly in sullen channels, dark,  
Below impassive clefts and battlements;  
But in these places only bloody froth  
Goes circling through the caves and crevices.

It's only in the sun that bubbles rise,  
To burst in opal pools, or curve in lines  
And snake-processions down the stream . . . I  
think

Whoever blows the bubbles hides behind  
The shimmering curtains of a fall, for you

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Can see white fingers start the bubbles down  
The 'waving slope; and you can hear glad  
    voices,  
When the bubbles flash down fast, to leap  
In sunlight and to frost the eddies.

### Falls

Are veils that someone hides behind. I know,  
But I shall never look . . I saw a bird,  
A brown bird of the water once, fly through  
A jade-green fall; and white hands thrust him  
    back  
Into the sun, and he flew dripping down  
The stream, his shadow sliding by the rocks  
And flashing in the quiet shoals. That's how  
I know a someone hides behind a fall,  
To peer into a world of jade, where rocks  
And trees are all a tremble in the green,  
Soft lightning of the sun, to cup small hands  
And send the bubbles glistening down among  
White spray . . . I know, but I shall never  
    look.

## The Mocking-Bird

W. ERWART MATTHEWS

*Baylor University*

I sat alone at evening.  
The furtive shadows crept along the hillsides,  
And crouched like hunted felons in the under-  
brush;  
They wrapped their stringy arms about the  
trees  
And hugged the gaunt trunks to their wraith-  
like breasts;  
They poised interminable moments on the  
water's edge —  
Then so it seemed,  
They sighed quite audibly,  
And sank down limply on the grey green lake.  
The sky was grimly dark,  
Impenetrable as some great curtain,  
Shutting man from God.  
One star,  
Adventuresome and chivalrous,  
Opened the curtains of the purplish blue,  
Standing forth,  
Boldly as a champion,

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Darting tentative rapier-thrusts of light into  
the vast.

So keen, so cruel were they,  
That the dark cried out in pain  
And fled,  
Leaving a zone of silver haze about the star.  
The moon climbed up above the farthest rim  
of the far purple hills,  
And panting lay,  
Flushed with exertion,  
On the opal clouds —  
Gashed,  
Darkly bleeding from the long climb's wounds,  
Until her face grew wan and hollow pale.

Unseen, ghost-fingered hands  
From out the gloom reached down into my  
heart,  
And struck  
A strange deep discord that snapt all  
Its taut, frayed strings.  
And, like the water through a broken dam,  
The torrent of my thousand memories sad  
Bore down into my soul,  
And flooded all my being with a high despair,  
And so,  
I sat there like a stone or carven wood.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

From some dim distance  
Came a thrilling note, thrilled an ecstatic  
    moment,  
Melting then  
Into a perfect soothing melody —  
Full-throated message of that Spirit-bird,  
Singing all songs of every bird of God to one  
    poor broken creature of the trodden dust.  
The shadows held dim mysteries of love;  
The star was one far light to lead me home;  
The moon washed out my healed soul with her  
    rays;  
The night breathed cool scents of the lily lake;  
The mocking-bird sang on and so did I.



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### The Spirit In the Storm

E. F. BARROWS

*Brown University*

See, across the frozen vale,  
Where winds the river, locked and pale,  
The hills are growing dim and gray;  
Cheeping, cheeping birds all day  
Promised us our trysting storm;  
— Ghost of Nellie, are you warm? —

Long last night I watched the cold  
Vasty shapes across the sky,  
Lighted by one bleary eye,  
Slowly to their places rolled.  
Now upon the mountain's peak,  
Let the gray old storm-god speak.

Lo! the first lone crystal white,  
Still uncertain where to light,  
Wavering, falling, swerving past,  
Caught among the rocks at last.  
Another follows in his wake; —  
Leaders of an endless host,  
How they brave the unknown coast!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Coming, coming, flake on flake,  
Driven by a veiled night,  
Folding us in drifting white.  
They like cold and winter, too,  
Nellie-ghost, and so do you.

Once you loved the summer time;  
Now, instead, the ferny rime  
That trims the withered grass, or how  
Could I know you near me now,  
And have tramped the warm nights thru,  
Waiting for a word from you?

Happy, since you've come at last,  
Let's explore the woods again;  
See, the snow is falling fast;  
Here's the path for us to follow  
Down into the sheltered hollow  
That was always "Nellie's Glen,"  
Where the first arbutus grew,  
Where the squirrel scolded you,  
For he risked the lowest limb  
And you would not look at him;—  
Ah, but this is winter now;  
On the old oak's twisted form  
Few dead leaves still cling, but how  
They stir and whisper in the storm!

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

As the sere leaves to the snow,  
Whisper to me while we go  
Whither drives the stormy wind  
That fills the fading trail behind.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The Alarm

CHARLES A. WAGNER

*Columbia University*

From the heart of the tender sparrow,  
From the throat of the careless jay,  
One note was in the singing  
Of the flying-songs that day.

From the breath of the early lilac  
From its pink and purple flower,  
One worried whispered fragrance  
That told the Day, the Hour,

And all the meadow places  
Stirred with the lovely word;  
Then suddenly the wind came down,  
Hid in the grass, and heard.

And over the hills the warning went  
To the Valley and violet Wood,  
The rustling of the big-tops  
Told that it understood. . . .

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

From the sun on the dancing rivers,  
From the rim of the rising moon,  
Out of the liquid shadows  
One pastoral, one tune . . .

Over the sleepy meadows  
Into the trees it ran,  
Thrilling blade and branch and bird  
With one alarm: A man! . . . . .

## The City that Lost Its Faith

RICHARD JOHNSON BROYLES    *Emory University*

The city has lost its faith.

The black smoke that puffs and curls over the  
roofs told me so.

The great image of Bacchus that sports in the  
banker's yard said so.

The crook who stole the automobile of the  
banker,

And the wife of the banker, who entertains  
governors,

And her daughter, the debutante,

Published it in the papers — the crook on the  
front page, and the wife and the daughter  
in the society column.

The Honorable Joseph Bagman, the Senator,  
told me so in a public speech.

And a little child, with the face of a cherub,  
whose clothes were ragged, and who was  
eating a piece of molded bread in a by-  
street,

Told me so with her eyes and the tear-streaks  
on her face.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The cabaret-dancer sang it to me.  
In the insidious slander of a careless youth  
about a woman of good repute  
I heard it,  
And in the filth-bred cynicism that marked the  
soul and face of another —  
These told me that the city had lost its faith.  
And I sometimes wonder if God really loves the  
city . . . .  
So . . . .  
I shall build me in the hills a cottage,  
That shall rest like a bird's nest in the heart  
of the hills.  
And there will be a sunset view,  
A great pine,  
And crystal waters.  
In wild profusion there will be flowers bloom-  
ing.  
And I shall tear me away from the cords that  
bind me to the satanic will of the city.  
While there in the hills  
I shall steep me in the infinite goodness of  
God . . . .  
And I shall take with me certain memories,  
Which shall be like a rosary whose beads I  
shall tell each day.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

These memories will be:

The laughter of little children, the memory of  
my mother's face, the echo of my father's  
prayers, and the good wishes of those  
whom I love and of those who love me.

These memories I shall keep in my heart.

But all else —

Of the vanity and selfishness of men,

Of the scarlet motives that thrive and sting in  
the city,

Of the stigma that spreads over the city its  
poisonous mold, strangling the soul of the  
city —

All these things I shall will to forget.

I shall cleanse me in the crystal waters,

And, looking at the great pine, I shall know  
that my prayers will ascend even higher.

The flowers will whisper of God,

And in the sunset I shall see His fingers move!



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Jonquils

LAWRENCE H. LEE, JR.     *University of Virginia*

A church upon a grassy slope  
With jonquils by the well-worn walk:  
If sermons spoke as much of God  
As one lone flower upon its stalk,  
More thoughts of hope  
Would vibrate through  
Our shallow mortal talk.

Springtime in valley, hill and field  
And everywhere fresh blossoming seed:  
If but religion were so true  
'Twould be too broad for creed.

## The Pool

JEAN L. FETTIG

*Hollins College*

My heart was tranquil as a forest pool  
Till you came singing down the moonlit way,  
Flinging your careless words like pebbles  
Into its depths.  
Deep down they sank — and you went gaily on,  
But where they fell  
Came little circles ever widening,  
Till they encompassed all my heart.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Compromise

MOLLIE WINDISH

*Stanford University*

If God should speak to me and say,  
    "Prepare some other form to be!"  
I should not try his hand to stay,  
    Or bargain for eternity.

I'd choose to be a satyr bold,  
    With curvèd horns and molded laugh,  
Raised high above some public hold  
    Upon a painted iron staff.

Where I could sit and watch all day  
    The river barges creeping south,  
And see the steamer in the bay  
    Trail purple vapor from her mouth.

Where I could wink through cloven hoofs  
    To children romping on the grass;  
And swallows winged for southern roofs  
    Could gossip with me as they pass.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Sometimes an errant feather-cloud  
Would cover me from mortal eyes;  
Then could I with satyr crowd  
Go haunt the glens of Paradise.

On dark blue nights when Mother Moon  
Lay slumb'ring deep in valley far,  
I'd shine my horns and gilded shoon  
And court a modest maiden star.

And mayhap on some stormy night  
Of battling wind and frost and sleet,  
I'd tumble from my dizzy height  
And shatter on the paved street.

Ah, yes! a satyr form I'd take,  
And dwell midway 'twixt earth and sky,  
To live, to see, and some day break,  
But never to grow old and die!

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Paeon

MURIEL C. POTTER

*Randolph-Macon Woman's College*

This is the joy of my youth!  
To stand like a silver birch, wind-swept by the  
    gales of high places —  
To watch the wraith-pale mist curl over the tree  
    tops at sunrise —  
To see the heralding sunbeams waken the moun-  
    tain-peaks —  
This is the joy of my youth!  
What care I that the sages smile? They have not  
    my youth!  
I can run free as a cloud-shadow over the tree-  
    clad hills —  
My hair streams like grasses lashed by the wind—  
My limbs are fire-made substance, leaping,  
    strong and lithe —  
This is the strength of my youth!  
Over the hills at night, when the dew-bright  
    stars are shining,  
I walk, and dream of fame and fortune, under  
    the infinite spaces —  
This is the dream of my youth!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Sweet is my youth!

It is good to labor and strive without pause,  
without tiring, —

To desire goals that are distant, unseen, scarce  
imagined —

To await the future unafraid, dreaming of life  
and glory.

I cling to my youth.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Songs of Youth

BENJAMIN ROSENBAUM      *Harvard University*

#### SEEKING LOVE

He said he knew nothing of love  
And asked the flower to tell him  
What it meant.  
The flower turned its face upward,  
And sunbeams came to kiss it  
While it held the bee in its embrace.  
He shook his head — "I do not understand."

He called upon the bird for love;  
And the bird began to sing so sweetly,  
That one could but listen.  
A mate was soon returning the serenade;  
And then, they met and were off together.  
His face was perplexed.

The snow, he thought, might know  
What love truly was;  
But his fleecy friends were seeking peace  
On earth's warm breast.  
He moved slowly on.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

I tried to tell him what he sought:  
Two parts of a soul, that were cut  
By the shears of God,  
Unite — this is called love.  
He was solemn.

One night he passed away,  
And I saw him in a dream.  
"I am in love with Death,"  
He said.  
I did not understand.

GONE

She is gone!  
Gone?  
The night was moaning  
Under the whip of the wind.  
I was off through it,  
Throwing myself against its emptiness  
As it clutched me  
And sent a shiver down my back.

Where were the stars and the moon? —  
Some thief had taken them  
As he had taken her.



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The hairless trees were talking wildly —  
They were as mad as I.  
But I was speechless.  
The lazy hours slowly plodded along,  
Until God took pity  
And placed a red light in the east,  
While Peace sprinkled her flowers everywhere.  
And I found her!

## GLIMPSES OF HER

I know where you got  
Your blushing cheeks,  
Red rose;  
And why you can bedeck  
Yourself in blue,  
O succory!

You too,  
Fields of wheat,  
Are in this plot.  
You tried to keep  
The secret of your grace  
With the wind;  
But we fools called poets  
Understand your language.

## A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

And you, pure lilies of white,  
You also I must call thieves.  
But I'm glad you are! —  
I'm glad you all are!  
For Mary's journey is far-flung,  
And I must see  
A glimpse of her  
As she trips along.  
So blush your reddest, my rose!  
Show me her eyes, my succory!  
Dance again, O fields of wheat!  
And you, my lilies, just be white  
As her little white hands.

## MY PURPLE GOWN FROM TYRE

Pink azaleas and dogwood  
Are crowded close at my feet.  
Whitethroats and warblers  
Are weaving a trail between the trees  
And cobalt-golden sky.  
Now I'll mount Ole Tony and ride  
The rolling fields!  
Old Ninevah's riches will be around me,  
And my overalls will be  
My purple gown from Tyre!

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### To You

ROSE MALONE

*College of St. Catherine*

The tracery of leafless trees against  
A vivid saffron sky ; warm nights in June  
When birdlings chirp beneath a full low moon ;  
September mornings in a world dew wet ;  
Dim harvest fields at dusk ; tree-shadowed  
    lawns,  
A garden sweet with lavender and phlox,  
Pale flowers at twilight, pansies, four o'clocks ;  
The bluebird's soft complaint in summer dawns ;  
The scent of cowslips, violets white and blue —  
These are the embassies that speak to you.

## Queen Helen's Way

THOMAS CALDECOT CHUBB

*Yale University*

He said, "There were not very many things

"Your beauty did not find its way to do!"

He said, "And there is dust upon those wings."

"I would have held incomparably true.

"And they are dulled, just as the sun will show

"Between daubed clouds, where should be  
only blue."

They must have stood there for an hour or so,

Ere Menelaus had found heart to speak

To Helen — to Queen Helen! Now the glow

Of sudden anger had faded from his cheek,

And he was quite abashed before her power,

Instead of furious. Her beauty turned him  
weak,

As one turns weak before an opening flower,

Or the far surf foaming incessantly.

He could not storm aloud, nor distantly lower.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

There only was one thing that he could be,  
Her lover! as he was before the war  
Wrecked all of Hellas,—bended upon his  
knee!

So he forgot that scar on blackening scar  
Followed the fire now in desolate Troy;  
Forgot the sky was rusty cinnabar

Where smoke half blotted out the flame. Just  
joy,  
As of a lover returning to his own,  
Filled his king's heart; no baser thought to  
annoy,

No penitence for the pestilence he had strown  
For just this moment—never dreamed like  
this!  
His lightest act he never would disown.

And yet it never should have been like this!  
He knew it, how he knew it in his heart!  
There should have been one hot disordered  
kiss

Upon her breast, and then the suddenest dart  
Of his thin blade, and all things would have  
ended

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Where now it seems as though all things must  
start.

“There were not very many things —” he  
blended  
Too much of ardor he could not conceal,  
And while his warrior arm the sword  
extended

His passionate heart kept forcing him to kneel,  
And there was revived desire in his speech,  
He did not find the coolness to congeal.

“O Helen, O Queen Helen, I beseech —”  
He ceased to recollect the scattered slain;  
Only he saw her standing just out of reach

And glorious with beauty, “Helen, again  
“Return to Menelaus. I still stand.  
“And what is Troy but ashes upon the plain?

“And what is Paris? Part of the whimper-  
ing sand  
“That sifts about the ruin of the walls.  
“And there is death and silence on every  
hand.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

“Alone from you a luminous glory falls,  
“Transfiguring the wrack, Helen most fair!  
“Helen still fair whatever chance befalls!”

Perhaps she paused while twisting her bright  
hair  
To view this triumphant conquest she had made;  
But she had known the whole time he was  
there

The heart of him. And as he was she played,  
Not speaking. She, for whom the unfortu-  
nate town  
Was gutted, found his embrace and not his  
blade.

Because of all of man's way she had known,  
She moved towards his arms and found con-  
tent.

Without there wept a captive's piteous  
moan;  
Was it Cassandra in the Argive's tent?

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

To Joan

HAROLD DAVIS

*University of Utah*

He is no lover of the hills who cannot take  
Their pillar'd shadow with him to the plain;  
Who cannot, winter-prisoned, lift and break  
The cast of ice, and laugh with April rain.  
He loves no music who can hear no strain  
Of harmony upon a clear-blow wind;  
He loves no beauty, (when the moon shall wane  
And lull the stars to sleep) — who will not bind  
The hair of beauty tangled in his mind;  
— Who never stored and carried in his heart  
A dozen Aprils; — if he could not find  
Your instant image, though you were apart:  
He is not true or constant, dear, — despise  
The man without *your* shadow in his eyes.



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### The Song of the Harp

TO MISS NELLIE ZIMMER

J. GORDON AMEND    *Pennsylvania State College*

To-night I watched you sitting at your harp,  
That gay stringed world of gold  
That sobbed, and laughed, and sang  
With you.  
And, as I watched your slender, straying  
    fingers  
Find their way across the mellow strings  
I heard a song that seemed to come,  
Not from your brilliant, golden chords  
But from my soul.  
And then I knew that all the while  
The golden strings responded  
To your passioned touch,  
You had been playing  
Upon the strings of my own heart.  
I do not know your name —  
Nor care.  
You came into my night  
And played upon my life strings,  
And now have gone again.  
Yet as I listened to your minor strains,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

I felt my thoughts, my hopes, my joys  
Crying with their prisoned strength,  
Expression seeking in its theme —  
And in your major, crashing chords  
I heard Ambition —  
Powerful, fervent in its might,  
Throbbing, pulsing, luring, gleaming  
In its melody of flight.  
But there was yet another note I found  
When soft strains trilled.  
So gently did your fingers play the chords,  
I might have closed my eyes  
And heard the angels singing in your stead,  
Singing my song  
Of love and tender sympathy.  
Your harp is still,  
And you have gone.  
It matters not, for in the passing  
You have left your song.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Youth

RALPH WESTERMAN

*College of the Pacific*

Ah, we who have Youth and Faith,  
Let us dream!  
To us the days are short,  
And nights but seem  
Like a purple, passing Wraith!  
We see the Light of Stars —  
But not the Dark between!

## Jealous God

LUCIEN HYNES WARNER

*Oberlin College*

An eastern zealot crept at close of day  
    Into a dusky temple. There he threw  
    Him down before an idol grave. Unto  
The temple he brought gifts which he did lay  
Upon a mat. For hours he sought to pray.  
    Gongs sounded. Incense rose above a brew.  
    But Jealous God was deaf. The worship due  
Him only had been giv'n a lump of clay.

I am a zealot, and my idol is  
    The fairest soul created by a god.  
    My sacred music is her voice. For me  
Religious light is in her eyes. And this  
    Confession is my off'ring. Jealous God,  
    Forgive! In her I doubly worship Thee!

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Burdens

FRED HARROLD

*Ohio State University*

I have seen a man bend beneath  
A steel beam  
On a giddy sky-scraper in the windy blue.  
I have seen a mother carrying  
An infant  
Restlessly, ceaselessly, but with wild-eyed love!  
I have seen a young man heave  
A scented hay-cock  
High into the heat-livid air of July.

And I have seen a man bend beneath the weight  
Of a futile love;  
And a crazed mother carrying  
A grief for one gone forever;  
And an old man, withered, and vacant-eyed,  
bearing  
The ingratitude of a son.

And I have known  
That the heaviest burden  
Is never on the back —  
But in the heart!

To L.—

KATHERINE WATSON

*University of Oregon*

Night — the earth smell —  
The plum tree  
Heavy with its tremulous whiteness  
A thin round moon —  
And you.

Dear heart,  
Can it be that sometime  
I shall not know when Night  
Lets down her sweet dark tresses o'er the world,  
When the plum tree blooms,  
When you stand pensive in the moonlight?

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Poems After the Chinese

ANNE W. BUFFUM

*Mt. Holyoke College*

#### I

When the white plum-blossoms rest like butterflies upon the branches I shall play upon my slender flute.

I shall make a song for the little god in my garden; he smiles perpetually at the bowl of iris between his knees.

#### II

Like the thin smoke of leaf-burning my soul rises.

Like the foam-flowers of the wild cherry my soul drifts through the amorous willows.

Like the silent junks upon the silver platter of the lake my soul moves toward the sunset.

#### III

I have made a little god of carved jade. The smell of incense floats up to his nostrils graciously.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

I have made him a necklace of amber.  
But he stares ceaselessly past me at the colored  
picture on the opposite wall.

IV

I watch your shadow passing and passing on  
the wall of the shoji;  
I sing you a reed-song on my willow flute.  
I whisper the silver of your name to the white  
lilies by the river;  
Are you remembering that I love you?



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### To Majsa

JOSEF A. KINDWALL      *University of Minnesota*

That gold is far more precious which is hid  
Close in the mountain's heart;  
That pearl more fair which, ocean's deep amid,  
Tempts the bold diver's art;  
The flower is sweeter which we cannot yet  
With trembling fingers press,  
And music faintly heard inspires regret  
That wakens eagerness.  
And Majsa, wisely shy and yet uncaught,  
By Nature all these lessons has been taught!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Fancies

GRACE NYSTROM

*Macalester College*

I tho't I heard your laugh today  
Imprisoned in a waterfall;  
So sweet, the willows bent to hear  
And passing bluebirds hushed their call.

I tho't I saw your smile today.  
A shy, red rose did turn to me  
With ruddy shadows on her lips,  
And all the garden leaned to see.

I tho't I saw your tears today  
Hang on the tree tops all alone.  
I sensed a pain within my heart  
And'found the teardrops were my own.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Song

WAYNE GARD

*Illinois College*

You ask me why I love you, sweet?  
What makes me worship at your feet?

Then tell me why this hawthorn tree  
Produced the blossoms that you see;

And tell me why these thrushes here  
Are making music for your ear;

You tell me why the sky is blue —  
And then, perhaps, I'll answer you.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Bag O' Dreams

JAMES J. SWEENEY

*Georgetown College*

I had a little bag of dreams

Whose cord I loosed when I was young,

A tiny, slaty, fairy thing,

By spider spun of dried bat's wing,

And spilled a hundred popped streams

That o'er those dawn-fresh seasons flung

Dim rosy mists of visioning.

I ruled the lotus-blooming Nile

'Mid vultures white with gilded claws,

Where beryl-eyed crocodiles abound,

And rose-red ibises strut 'round;

Mine was the jade-cool tropic isle

Where shriek the brilliant-plumed macaws

At peacocks perking on the ground.



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

I plucked a song from out God's heart  
And trilled it on my throbbing lute,  
A plaintive, poignant, aching strain,  
A panged sobbing, soft as rain,  
That dimmed with love-dew, worlds apart,  
Two pairs of blue eyes beaming, mute  
With dreamland love that ne'er would  
wane.

But now my hair is thin and gray,  
Frost powdered with the rime of years,  
No more in me youth's ardor gleams,  
For me no love-lamps burn fond beams,  
And having all, I've naught today.  
What webs of sorrow, seas of tears  
Lay in that little bag of dreams!



## Fabric

ROSE HOLCOMB

*Elmira College*

If fairies don't dance in the moonlight  
And elves don't pass this way,  
Who uses the toadstools to sit on  
When they milk the milky way?

If there aren't any nymphs in the forest  
Or dryads in the heart of a tree,  
Who uses the puff balls to prink with  
Or acorns as cups for tea?

If gnomes don't live in the tree stumps  
And trolls don't even exist,  
Who rides on the bat's wings at midnight  
And fills the valleys with mist?

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Villanelle

THOMAS H. JOHNSON

*Dartmouth College*

You shall come to me tonight  
Softly, as the leaves are shed,  
Swiftly, as the swallow's flight.

When the stars blaze out their light  
And the sun's last glow is dead  
You shall come to me tonight.

You shall come with youth's delight  
To my heart, when day is fled;  
Swiftly, as the swallow's flight.

When the dark obscures my sight  
And the tulip bows her head  
You shall come to me tonight.

Fast as falls the moonbeam's light  
You shall come with golden tread,  
Swiftly, as the swallow's flight.

Mistlike, rising from your bed  
With your radiant arms outspread  
You shall come to me tonight,  
Swiftly, as the swallow's flight.



## A Love Song

D. R. MITCHELL

*Cornell University*

I breathed a love song from my soul  
Unto the gentle wind,  
To bear it to its destined goal,  
My Loved One's heart to find.

Perhaps the breeze hath wandered far,  
Or hath my tale forgot,  
Or told it to some evening star;  
Alas! She heard it not.



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### On Reading Keats' "The Eve of St. Agnes"

KENNETH E. MONEY

*Cornell College*

"Peace, be still," the night-bird saith,  
"For the moon comes, and Dream's breath  
Exhaleth from her silver'd nose,  
While from her lips a budding rose  
Sweet fragrance gives." That same Spirit,  
That breath'd "Endymion" into life, draws  
Such luted notes from heaven, or near it,  
That lo! bursting blooms the rose:  
"St. Agnes' Eve" comes flitting with the soft-  
ness of day's close.

My soul enwrapt in silent things  
Expands and flies on borrow'd wings  
To where chaste Madeline  
Sits dreaming of her lover fine —  
Unseen, as yet, but known to her  
By some strange mirror'd gossamer.  
On borrow'd wings with magic power  
I fly to that old castle tower,  
And steal from "St. Agnes' Eve" th' enchant-  
ment of an hour.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Ah! Madeline and Porphyro, where?  
Since soft beyond that castle drear  
You slipp'd away in morn's faint bloom,  
Still blest with the stars' unsnuff'd illume.  
I would, but cannot be so bold,  
Fly there, one moment to behold  
The glory of your sacred haven,  
Where secretly yourselves have ta'en —  
But nay, I need not pine me so: in my heart's  
your haven!

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### The Dancer

CHARLES GOODMAN

*University of Southern California*

She danced . . .  
And all the pent-up Passions  
Ran rampant on the lighted stage.  
Her untamed hair, her laughing eyes,  
The limbs that writhed out of the skin  
Breathed of a symphony of silenced cries  
That lay benumbed within  
Until to-night.

The theatre, a cube of sighs,  
Gulped all this dancing with burning eyes.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Pavlowa

I

OLD EGYPT

CAMILLA TAYLOR

*University of California*

Absurdly little theatre  
Half-empty,  
Waiting . . . . waiting —  
Crashing Orchestra  
Heralding ascension of the top curtain  
With the advertisements of French Pastry  
And Corsets.  
Poor, deluded audience  
Excited vainly  
Now they may watch  
That elegant futurist curtain  
With the man-sized fruit.  
Twenty minutes;  
Thirty minutes.  
Rise of curtain  
To reveal twentieth-century interpretation  
Of Old Egypt.  
(Lord, those poor Egyptians!  
But they'll never know — )

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Down,  
Down  
Slide those purple apples ; those orange  
Grapes.  
Egypt trembles  
In her distorted pose. . . .  
Will it never  
Descend ?  
O — now it is time for us  
To clap our hands.

### II

#### SYRIA

Crashing, flashing, smashing,  
Syria hurls herself across the stage.  
Scarlet, purple, orange ; blazing  
Whiteness.  
She is a flame  
Terrible, swift.  
She is one vivid flash  
Of impossible lightning.  
She is a shriek  
Of notes so discordant they harmonize.  
She is color ; she is sound,  
————— Light !

III

THE SWAN

Darkness once more.  
A blue weird light  
Dawns on the dark stage  
And she floats in:  
"The Swan."  
I have forgot the world —  
That living snowflake  
Has taken me to Heaven. ———  
The pouter-pigeon in front of me  
Snatches the binoculars  
From her spouse, and coos  
"O isn't she sweet!"

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Hymn of Hate

(With Apologies to H. Rousseau)

MINNA CLIFTON

*University of Rochester*

I hate men — young, callow ones,  
Who fairly ooze sentimentality,  
Who are forever reading burning poems  
On "Love" and "The Kiss" and  
"Meeting" and "Parting" etc. ad nauseam.  
Their eyes are strange —  
Deep, dark pools of sorrow.  
And they always wear soft collars.  
Oh, how I hate them!

I hate men — corpulent, business ones,  
Who are full of one thing —  
Business. Who always rave  
Of their deeds on the "Street."  
They have (to be vulgar) bay-windows  
And Nature has been o'er generous  
To them in the way of chins.  
They bore me to tears (or homicide).  
Oh, how I detest them!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

I hate men — cynical, indifferent ones,  
Who wonder why the weaker sex  
Will follow them about all day.  
And who insist that they  
Do nothing to attract “females,”  
Nay, 'tis quite the reverse.  
Yet to their past they refer  
With a languid wave of the hand and a sigh.  
Oh, how I despise them!

I hate men — brilliant, scholarly ones,  
Who have a penchant for the fourth dimension;  
Who likewise wear rubber-tired glasses.  
And have a strange stoop to their shoulders,  
From poring over such interesting things  
As the “Binomial Theorem.”  
They always fix one with a vacant stare  
(Their minds are wand'ring in Elysian fields).  
Oh, how I hate them!



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### From the Practical Side

HARRELL N. TAGUE

*Bethel College*

Though she charm you with her smile  
And your feelings so beguile  
That you think you want to marry, and you  
risk it,  
Now do tell me if you find  
That her sentimental mind  
Ever helps her when she goes to make the biscuit.

Though her tiny little feet  
Make such music on the street  
That your spirit to its cadence seems to quiver,  
Can you tell me, oh I say,  
If it helps her any way  
When she's staying in the kitchen frying liver?

Though her kisses so divine,  
Like intoxicating wine,  
Change your cheeks to deepest crimson from the  
pallid,  
Friend of mine, I ask you this,  
Can her darling little kiss  
Ever help her when she goes to make the salad?

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Though her teeth so snowy white  
So enchant you with delight  
That you smile and tell the darling she bewitches,  
Tell me, lover so devout,  
If they ever help her out  
When she tries to sew the hole up in your  
breeches?

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Envy

SARAH EDNA PAYNE

*Baylor University*

The first time I saw you  
A respectfully stooped old serving man  
Held open the ponderous door  
Of a correct cream-colored house on Sixteenth  
Street



And you came out leading a broad-chested bulldog.

And you went with a springing step toward the  
long black car

Where the rigid chauffeur waited.

And I knew that you walked when you wanted to

And that you rode when you wanted to,

But that you never walked because eleven car-fares would buy a gallery seat at Keith's.

And I believed that all the happiness one could  
dream of

Was yours,

And I envied you.

. . . . .  
The next time I saw you

You were at the theatre

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

In a box directly across from that flag-draped  
one,

And a woman, — magnificent, soulless, — was  
with you.

As the silken flag-curtain came slowly down,  
The orchestra began on a bold low chord

And the great crowd rose

And stood a-tiptoe,

Thrilled by the flag it was seeing and the music  
it was hearing.

And I stood exultant, forgetting everything

But the Flag and the Song

Till suddenly I remembered you whom I called  
happy,

And looking down, I saw you

Slouching, gazing at the man in the box across  
from you

Smiling sneeringly with the whispering woman  
by your side.

And I pitied you.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Debutante

FLORENCE M. FERRELL

*Reed College*

Little Debutante,  
You are like a kitten  
With cream on its whiskers —  
Innocent, demure;  
And your chic sophistication,  
Exquisite and superficial,  
Is like a champagne goblet —  
Fragile, gleaming, empty!

## Old Age Stays Behind

RICHARD WARNER BORST

*University of California*

She heard me as I came,  
As I came softly calling  
Her dear name.

The rain was chill and cold,  
Falling, falling,  
In the black autumn night,  
In the season old;  
And the trees against the gale  
Stood bare and stark upright  
Between me and the lightning pale.

As I came softly stealing  
Through the streaming rain,  
I saw her kneeling.  
I tapped her window pane;  
She quenched the fire's bright flame  
And to the casement came,  
Stealthily creeping.  
Spite of the dim firelight,  
I saw her wan and white,  
And she was weeping.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

"Let us away," I cried.  
"The world is strange and wide,  
Strange looks are kind:  
Old age stays behind!"

Beneath the lifted sash,  
She gained my side.  
Into the lightning flash,  
With the lanes all awash,  
And the moon blind,  
Swift we rode down the wind:  
Old age stayed behind.

At Vespers

FRANCIS BROERMAN

*Washington University*

How kind yellow candle light is to you,  
Old women.  
It is the smile of God.  
You, too, were once as slim  
As those maiden tapers,  
And nodded gold heads  
At a wanton breath of air.  
Now, you have dwindled to a lump  
Of shapeless wax,  
Your promise spent;  
One hope remaining, —  
Death.  
God is kind;  
He smiles on you,  
And lets you wait.



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Yesterday

MARJORIE C. MARKS

*Barnard College*

A thousand years have passed away  
Since I was with you yesterday.  
Isn't it queer I can't forget  
The feeling of the stinging wet,  
Soft snow against my face, and you  
Striding beside me, loving, too,  
The slippery walk along the edge  
Of frosted-over barberry hedge?  
And neither of us said a word  
(Aloud, I mean) until we heard  
Far off, a locomotive shriek.  
Then it was you began to speak.  
You said, "I wish you weren't going  
Home tonight." And I, not showing  
What I felt, replied, "I know.  
We're sure to be delayed by snow."  
Then neither one knew what to say,  
But in a friendly, silent way  
Breasted the snow. And I could see  
You didn't dare to look at me,  
Though it was equally as true

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

I didn't dare to look at you.  
I knew that if my eyes should meet  
Your eyes, the primly-peopled street  
Would raise its eye-brows in dismay,  
Surmising that between us lay  
A feeling not quite everyday.  
So neither of us spoke again  
Until I climbed on board the train,  
When both of us were forced to try  
A brief, inadequate good-bye.  
You stood and waved, and I waved back  
Until a stretch of shining track  
Widened between. I see you there,  
The white snow kissing your black hair.  
(I wish I'd thought to tell you that  
You might take cold without your hat.)  
But all of that was yesterday,  
A hundred thousand years away  
And every moment's living yet.  
Isn't it queer, I can't forget?

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### In a Chinese Garden

ELIZABETH REYNARD

*Barnard College*

#### *The Nightingale:*

All the night long I sing to thee,  
To thee, my flower.  
The grey fish swirl in a starlit sea,  
Lovers watch in their bower.  
From the emperor's garden lanterns play,  
Shoulder to shoulder the willows sway,  
But the emperor's garden I do not see;  
All the night long I sing to thee,  
To thee, my flower.

#### *The Rose:*

How the wind's swaying me, softly, regretfully!  
How the bird sings to me, proudly, forgetfully!  
Whence flows a song like that? Surely he knows,  
Last night he sang to another wild rose.

#### *The Nightingale:*

Hear my full song I pour to please,  
To please my flower.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

For the soul wakens and the heart strings seize  
The night-lute's waning power.  
The emperor sleeps in his golden bed  
With a dragon guard at the foot and head,  
But love and I care nothing for these.  
All the night long I sing to please,  
To please my flower.

*The Rose:*

Dawn comes; he flies away thoughtlessly, cheerily,  
But the song stays with me echoing wearily.  
How can I listen when, oh, the heart knows, —  
Tomorrow he sings to another wild rose.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### My Mother's Eyes

DELPHINE HARRIS COY

*Kansas State Agricultural College*

My mother's eyes have all the blue  
Of gentians hiding under dew,  
The blue of mountains mystic, far,  
The blue of lakes where pine trees are.  
The blue of cloudless summer skies  
Is resting in her loving eyes.

My mother's eyes are oh, so bright  
And filled with every kind of light.  
The gentle starlight twinkles there  
Beneath the shadow of her hair,  
The light of moon-beams on the bay,  
Aurora's distant lights in play.

And once when I was very ill,  
When all the house was deathly still  
And no one but my mother near —  
I saw a rainbow in her tear.

## To My Mother

MARGARET MARSH

*Pacific University*

My memory of you is like a quiet pool  
Far in the depths of calm Autumnal woods,  
Complete in beauty, undefiled,  
Shut in and hidden from the world.  
And sometimes, dear, I leave life for a little time  
To go and rest awhile and dream alone.  
I love to gaze into its crystal deep  
Reflecting golden leaves and hazy sky, —  
New understanding there I always find  
Beside my memory of you.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### I Am Rich To-day

MARGUERITE A. GUTSCHOW

*Willamette University*

I am rich to-day, a baby ran to meet me,  
And put her tiny hand within my own  
And smiled, her rosy lips a flower,  
The light within her eyes, from heaven shone.  
And when I crossed the fields the birds were  
singing,  
A golden blossom in my pathway lay,  
It wasn't much; but, oh, the joy there's in it,  
To have a baby smile at you  
In just that way.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Talk

ISABEL V. MAYNE

*Cornell College*

Sometimes at night we sit by the fire and talk  
Talk about many things — talk about nothing,  
Whether it will rain tomorrow, or snow,  
Or whether there will be a tomorrow at all.  
And always someone asks me,  
Always someone asks the question,  
Well, what are you going to do?  
What are you going to do tomorrow?  
And I answer careless, indifferent —  
“I — Oh — I don’t know.”  
Would I answer so if you were here, Mother?  
Or perhaps we speak of love,  
Love so strange — mysterious love.  
And they ask me,  
Many, many times they ask me,  
“What is love, anyhow?”  
And I answer wishfully, wistfully,  
“Love, oh I — I don’t know.”  
Could I answer so if ever I had known your love,  
Mother?  
And then, maybe we talk of heav’n



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Wond'ring in our foolish, futile way  
Whether it is up or down,  
Within us or without,  
Or, if it is at all.  
And again they ask me — always,  
“What do you think Heaven is?”  
And I answer hopefully, prayerfully,  
“Heaven? Oh, I — I don't know.”  
But I think it must be love, for you are there,  
my Mother.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Gotham

HILDEGARDE FLANNER *University of California*

Great woman with lyric eyes  
And bright, tragic mouth,  
Tall woman with sinister hair  
And throat of pride,  
I watch your magnificent feet  
Pace through the hypnotized city.

Across your head  
Is a crown of gleaming buildings,  
Harmonious as swans,  
Significant as thunder.

Your breasts have golden milk;  
Men fight to be your children.

Your limbs are white as ancient skulls,  
Your arms are softer  
Than the first moment of death.

What bold American alchemy  
Inspires your glossy hands,

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Tall woman with sinister hair,  
Tall woman with throat of pride?  
What joys have colored your sandals,  
What sorrows laced them on?

You have gone mad,  
Inscrutable, lustrous woman,  
Hosannaed by delirious worshippers  
About a shrine of steel.  
You have gone mad,  
Great woman with lyric eyes  
And bright, tragic mouth.  
You have gone mad,  
From counting your slaves!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

College Portraits

EDA LOU WALTON

*University of California*

HEROES

Great minds without emotion,  
Great emotions without minds,  
We have forgotten you  
In the lusty confusion  
Of our four-years' passing;  
But you, great dreamers,  
Sane and whole men,  
We hold your words to our breasts.

AND HERO WORSHIPERS

Now that you speak of it  
I do recall him —  
An odd boy, bright, but not a worker,  
Drinking my lectures down like liquor  
Somewhat too strong, but excellent.  
I liked the chap and talked to him a bit,  
Felt he'd make good and so he has, you say.  
How little we remember, here within the wall,  
Of lives that pass us like a shadow

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Lengthening four years, then lost in darkness  
Of another shadow.

Remembers me, you say? Odd that!

And after all, not odd;

We are the half-gods on thin pedestals —

They worship us until the whole-gods come.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Puppets

MAURICE JACQUES VALENCY

*College of the City of New York*

'Tis a weird procession, dearest,  
That is passing by his throne —  
How he chuckles at our capers,  
And we think he hears us groan.

Oh, they make him shake with laughter —  
'Tis the only sound he hears —  
The grimaces stamped upon us  
'Neath the burning, bitter tears.

Poor and puny little devils,  
Hemmed in by his mighty lore, —  
Those behind are pressing on us,  
We must press on those before.

If the game that he delights in  
Lies in making such as we —  
Puny, miserable puppets,  
What a puppet *he* must be!

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

'Tis a dark, dim path we follow,  
And the millions that precede  
Wear it deeper in and deeper —  
We must follow where they lead.

And the motley's graven on us —  
Caper, laugh! On! — play your rôle,  
And when endless time is ended —  
Fling him back his wretched soul.

## The Prospector

WILLIAM ELLWELL ONIONS

*University of California*

He stands,  
His wistful eyes under his knotted hands  
Watching the glow of the golden skies.

The slow wind croons to the barren dunes.

His beast  
With drooping head faces the gloomy east.  
Watching the ridge of the hill-tops red,

And the slow wind croons to the barren dunes.

He stands  
And the glory dies. Cooling the burning sands,  
Over his shadow the mountains rise.

The day is for quest, but night is for rest.

And beast,  
And weary man turn to the simple feast,  
Fitting the immemorial plan:

The day is for quest, but night is for rest.



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Packing House Poems

RICHARD MORROW STEINER

*Grinnell College*

#### THE KILLERS

Beef sluggers, pig stickers, slitters of lambs'  
throats;  
You with your leaden conscience!  
Do you see visions of pastoral peace?  
Do your nostrils catch the warm sweet wind  
Blowing over acres of blue grass  
And closely matted clover?  
Or are your imaginations dulled  
By the grim reality  
Of lowing cattle, squealing pigs, and silent sheep?

#### SHEEP

Silly creatures crowding to the killing floor,  
Led by one black sheep  
To the never-ceasing slaughter.  
Led to your death, by one trained to the task.  
Oh, how like men you are!

## A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

### QUITTING TIME

Stockyard streets,  
Glassy in the torrid sun,  
Habitat of vile sights and viler stench,  
Suddenly filled with old men,  
Young boys not yet begun to shave,  
Stenographers, lips one scarlet scream,  
Big, burly negroes, doffing bloody aprons,  
All, all bound in one mad, crescendo rush for —  
Home!

### FROM A SHEEP SKINNING FLOOR

Hey ho! A grisly job is yours,  
Stripping the skin off small lambs' backs!  
Slitting and slashing with short sharp knives,  
Keeping apace with the moving racks.  
Singing a song with a darky strain,  
Whistling a tune from a musical show,  
Dancing a jig on the bloody floor,  
Crooning a lullaby, soft and low,  
And still you slash, and still you rip,  
Stripping the skin off small lambs' backs!  
Hey ho! A grisly job is yours,  
Yet you're merry beside the ghastly racks!

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Boarding School

K. IRENE GLASCOCK

*Mt. Holyoke College*

#### I

The Dean was magnificent,  
If you forgot  
Her shrewd little eyes.  
She would have been a wonder  
As a boss politician.  
In a school,  
Her passion for organizing her faction  
Was disastrous.

#### II

My roommate had doggish eyes,  
And she almost barked with the delight,  
If you treated her kindly.  
Most of us, I think,  
Have moments  
When we like to kick  
A dog.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

III

The girl in the room above  
Had beautiful lingerie,  
And exquisite manners,  
And immaculate hands.  
She had the reputation for telling  
The smuttiest jokes of anyone in school.

IV

A new girl  
Tried to elbow the world  
Out of her way.  
She looked as if she were saying:  
"You are all against me,  
But I defy you."  
Really,  
No one had ever noticed her.

V

I remember  
One who would have been beautiful  
Standing at a well,  
With a pitcher on her head,  
And talking to a camel driver;

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

But she was certainly a fright  
In a salmon-pink shirtwaist,  
Strewn with diamonds.

### VI

And there was another  
To whom I was habitually rude,  
In my fear  
That she might guess  
How her touch was infinite glory,  
And her words the burning wonder  
Of my fifteen years —  
Now she seems more remote  
Than all the rest.

## The Hosting

MATTHEW F. MCGUIRE

*Holy Cross College*

They are hosting,  
They are hosting —  
The dead brave of the Gael,  
Their battle flags are gleaming,  
In the spectral shadows pale.  
From the serried ranks  
Of Time they come,  
From every sodden plain,  
Like shrouded hosts of pilgrims,  
To some famed and sacred fane.  
From Drogheda to Fontenoy,  
And the rush in Dublin street,  
Come the martial hosts of Freedom,  
To the war-drums' muffled beat!

Look! There's the Connaught Rangers  
While swinging close behind,  
Are the Fusiliers of Dublin,  
With their green flags on the wind!

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

The men who followed Emmet,  
And those who died with Pearse,  
A tenseness in their bearing,  
Their features drawn and fierce!

They are hosting  
For the dawn, lad,  
Which, thank God, at last is nigh,  
When the free flag of old Erin,  
Shall greet the morning sky!

O all the pent-up hopes of ages,  
All the shadows, all the tears,  
Behold them writ in glory,  
On the banners of the Years.

Lo! The shadows fast are fading,  
GOD OF HOSTS! The Dawn's at hand,  
See! The hosted brave are marching,  
Into Freedom's Promised Land!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

**The Brass Band**

WILLIAM B. MOWERY      *University of Illinois*

We are the Brass Band,  
The blary, blary Brass Band,  
Red, panting, Brass Band,  
Puffing out our cheeks.  
Dress cords, open throats,  
White pants, red coats,  
Prancing along while the whole town peeks.  
We are the leaders, see the surging crowds come,  
See how we lead them with our

boom  
boom  
boom

at

Town-hall

Cornerstone

Soap-box

Coronal

Wedding

Funeral  
boom  
boom  
boom



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

We are a comrade band,  
Thirty pieces, look at us,  
One note, one command,

boom

boom

boom

Thirty screaming tin-pans

A-yelling all together,

Thirty hell screeches

Making harmony

Marching to the nod of the drum major's feather

With the kids on the corner yelling

wheeee

wheeee

wheeee

*(The Cornet speaks)*

Still, I am the Cornet, the fanfare Cornet,

I am the leader of all Brass Bands;

Though orchestras have flouted me,

Concert meisters clouted me,

Star courses routed me,

I shan't fret:

For I am the master, the silver singing master,

The high singing master of all Brass Bands,

The toot-toot-toot-tootle-toot of all Brass Bands.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

"Street Cars"

EMELINE GOFORTH      *N. C. College for Women*

A creeping, crawling, swaying, swinging insect—  
A caterpillar with a bee's deep buzz —  
A cricket in its shrieking dialect —  
A yellow worm, close clinging to a wire with  
fuzz  
Of ladies' bonnets and of children's faces —  
Sweet children's faces through the window's  
dust  
And great clear eyes, with a conductor in them  
And oh! — the paint and iron and wire and  
rust!

I wonder why the heart of youth is needlessly  
pent  
In these loud, yellow, horrid, creeping things,  
Leave them for those with blistered heels and  
gout —  
I choose to swing adown the sun-flecked street  
Where some impalpable charm somehow close  
clings;

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Where children play with laughter clear and  
sweet  
Beside the flowers, outside of windows gay,  
Where youth meets youth all gladly, buoyantly  
walking —  
I scorn this ugly, cringing, mercenary way.

## The Salvation Army

R. MAURY

*University of Virginia*

A rusty-coated, bald-headed, grizzled man  
Shouted in the streets about the Judgment  
Day,  
And the idlers and the niggers for blocks  
around  
Came to hear the cornet and the bass drum  
play.

“Oh, shall we gather at the river  
Where bright angel feet have trod? —  
(Boom-boom)  
With its crystal stream forever  
Flowing by the throne of God! (Boom-  
BOOM)”

A battered-looking sister in a bonnet of red  
Passed the tambourine, while the song roared  
on.  
But those who stayed to listen were the silver-  
lacking kind, —  
The kind Another Preacher swayed in days  
long gone.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

“Oh, yes, we shall gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful, the river,  
Gather with the saints at the river,  
That flows by the throne of God!”

“We’ll gather at the river.” . . . They gathered  
at a gutter,  
And shabby saints along the curb battled  
for their Lord.  
’Twas Paul and Silas over, without one whit of  
change,  
Bearing to sick souls the promise of the Ever-  
lasting Word —  
Telling in the market place the sweetness of the  
Lord!

“Oh, shall we gather at the river,  
Where bright angel feet have trod?  
(Boom-boom)  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing past the throne of God! (Boom-  
BOOM)”

## The Change

AUBREY A. GRAVES      *Southwestern University*

God! But it's quiet here at home  
So still and silent all the day —  
Not even a sound of bursting shell,  
Nor clamor of the heated fray!  
Time was I only knew to fight,  
To chatter death-songs wild and loud  
And charge with other dough-boys rough,  
Blinded and drunk in a whirling cloud.

With lads I loved I faced the Hun  
At bloody Marne and on the Aisne,  
And fought long days in Hellish heat,  
Never mindful of the countless slain;  
I've crawled all night in mud and mire  
Out there where bullets sigh and groan: —  
I've heard the shrieks of shrapnel there —  
God! But it's quiet here at home!

But now those damning days are gone,  
Days when my blood pulsed fast and hot,  
And gone is every comrade too,  
Each sleeping in his six-foot plot.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Today I hear no battle shout,  
No martial notes disturb the gloam —  
A leg blown off, a lung gassed out —  
God! But it's quiet here at home!

## Experience

ELIZABETH BECKWITH

*New York State College for Teachers*

Oh, dragonfly, dragonfly, what have you done  
To batter your wings so, you poor wounded  
one?

*My wings once glanced strong over streams in the  
sun.*

You came from your home where the sheltered  
brook sings

Out here where the spray only slashes and stings.  
*I longed for the bite of the salt on my wings.*

Alone by this dismal gray ocean you die,  
'Though dragonflies bask 'neath a distant blue  
sky.

*But I've felt the strength of the wind blowing  
high.*



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Learning

ELAINE KINDER

*University of Utah*

Over and over and over,  
A step and then a fall;  
Over and over and over,  
Holding to chair or wall;  
Trying his muscles' imperfect skill,  
Awkwardly striving to work his will  
And master an action beyond him still:  
    So, little by little  
    And day by day,  
    Over and over  
    The selfsame way,  
    He must learn to walk.

Over and over and over,  
A sound and then a word;  
Over and over and over,  
To utmost effort spurred  
By feeling within an insistent urge;  
A need to express the perplexing surge  
Of thoughts and emotions that clash and merge:  
    So, little by little

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

And day by day,  
Over and over  
The selfsame way,  
He must learn to talk.

Over and over and over,  
A thought and then a deed;  
Over and over and over,  
Finding a growing need  
To win a place in the heart of a friend,  
To know his fellows and gladly spend  
His effort to serve some unselfish end:  
    So, little by little  
    And day by day,  
    Over and over  
    The selfsame way,  
    He must learn to love.

Over and over and over,  
A joy and then a pain;  
Over and over and over,  
Familiar with loss and gain;  
Sharing the bounties of God's great earth,  
The bitter of sorrow, the pleasure of mirth,  
Learning experience's double worth:  
    So, little by little

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And day by day,  
Over and over  
The selfsame way  
He must learn to live.

## Smoke Ring Reveries

### Success

“CORN COB PETE”

*Muhlenberg College*

Did y' ever watch the bees and birds  
And all them kinda things?  
When they have done their full day's work.  
“Full speed t' home” they tells their wings.  
Jest like the miners 'way up state,  
The ranchers in the West,  
That comin' home when the day is done  
T' grab a little rest.  
This comin' home's a fascination,  
A kinda satisfaction,  
The feelin' that a task is done  
Because you've been in action.  
No matter what our job may be,  
Let's put it over full o' pep,  
That some time we can come t' home  
With head well up and eager step.  
Success is not a pile o' jack,  
A fancy name, or graven tomb;  
It's jest that joy within ourselves  
When our work's done — we're comin' home.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Revelation

JOSEPHINE P. CLARKE

*Wellesley College*

If only we might find ourselves! What then?  
What radiant lifting of our untried wings?  
And what exultant consciousness that springs  
From life undreamed of in the hearts of men?  
For is there not some bitter sense of worth  
Even in constant restlessness and pain?  
Some fertile seasoning, like summer rain,  
That gives to gladness fuller, freer birth?  
Still, latent inspiration lies beneath  
The irksome questionings that mark the days  
Of our poor blindness, — struggling to be free;  
An unborn glory that awaits the breath  
Of self revealed, — to break away the haze  
And make immortal our mortality.

## Triumph

LUCY RENAUD

*Newcomb College*

Now, at last, the winds of chance have caught  
me

And sweep me to their will —

I, who have dwelt along the way of sorrow ;

I, who was still,

Now know alone the flame-sweet joy of living,  
The white-hot thrill.

I could not even find the paths of weeping

Through the dim rain —

I, who am dazed with joy and drunk with  
laughter,

Seek them in vain.

And, though the whole wide world be false as I  
am,

I shall not feel pain.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### TO BETELGEUSE

#### Prose Poem

(This poem is dedicated to the great star Betelgeuse, whose volume Professor Michelson of Chicago University discovered to be 27 million times that of our own sun.)

WALTER M. WOLFF      *University of Nebraska*

At last may we conceive thee in all they incomprehensible Majesty — Orion's Prince — thou resplendent Pearl of Infinity? So far remote in the silent Time and Space . . . and yet, thou are the FIRST to reveal to us thy vast expanse — O Betelgeuse! Thou super-orb of the Firmament!

Our own good sun is but a golden atom when of thee is thought or spoken — Betelgeuse! 'Tis but a spot of plastic fancy that EVEN THOU canst create within us — for thou art so boundless in the Cosmic Sea . . . and yet, we may know that thou are there — yea, small or great to these our finite senses!

Within our feeble, futile Intellect thou hast kindled the mythopoeic flame; we seek to cast

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

vain words in praise of thee . . . but thou —  
THOU art beyond the mortal sphere, O Star!  
May we call thee "Father" among the throbbing  
suns Celestial? But O Betelgeuse! Forgive  
our Mind's infirmities!



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### The Trysting

GENE DONALD

*Princeton University*

The Gray Ghost crouched by the old church  
wall,  
Losing himself in the murky shade,  
He crouched and watched by a hole in the wall,  
He heard the roar and the high-pitched call  
Of living men at barter and trade  
Under the old stone wall.

His bony hand and his fleshless skull  
Were rank with the scent of long closed graves,  
But his restless eyes were bright and full,  
And ceaselessly moved, with never a lull,  
Scanning each face in the human waves,  
Surging around the wall.

The old, the young, the lame and the blind,  
Each held his shifting gaze for a space,  
The sick, the strong, the weak in mind,  
He watched go by in the piercing wind  
That cut to the bone, but he held his place  
Close by the old stone wall.

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"I'll meet you there in the place you know,  
Dear Heart," she smiled at the faith in his eyes.  
With eager feet he paced to and fro —  
Snail-footed Time crept slow, too slow —  
But she played him false, for all his sighs  
    Under the old church wall.

The church has fallen in crumbled heaps,  
The wall is covered with tangled vines,  
But the Gray Ghost still his vigil keeps,  
From face to face his swift eye leaps,  
Plying his quest through the human lines  
    Flowing around the wall.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Fools

HAZEL PEARSON

*Boston University*

Three sorts of fools there be in this great world,  
If I mistake not. One of these must claim  
Each man, but he may choose which one he  
will.

The first is he who thinks that he is wise.  
An amiable fool! I mark his silly grin  
And self-complacent smirk. And yet how  
harsh

He trumpets forth displeasure at the world  
Because it laughs at him.

The second fool  
Laments his folly, longing to be wise.  
His vaguely flickering wisps of vagrant thought  
He deems the steadfast glowing of the sun.  
He yearns to think that mocking man applauds,  
And then smiles wanly at the dear conceit  
That all the world loves him because it smiles.

Three sorts of fools there be. The last am I,  
Who choose to be a fool in all my ways.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

To sing about my work when silence rules,  
To sing the louder if it brings no gain,  
To see good where I know there is great wrong,  
To see life whole when it eludes my gaze,  
To spend my life's last drop in serving God, —  
The great world serves no God, — to welcome  
death

Because I know not what's beyond, — I trust, —  
Thus am I foolish, and I count it wise.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### To Kit Marlowe

FREDERIC ROCKWELL SANBORN

*Columbia University*

Hail to thee, Marlowe, of the fluent pen —  
Thy voice rang out in England's early morn  
To speak in modern words to men unborn  
Of longings without limit now, and then —

The yearning of Elizabethan men  
For Universal Knowledge, still the thorn  
Of hope; for Universal Wealth — our scorn  
Still: Universal Power destroys again.

As meteors portend the Northern light  
Thou didst fortell the Master's glorious plays,  
Yet for thine own worth, too, men read thee  
now.

Thou wert the Day Star in the fore-spent night  
From whence burst forth the dawn of  
Shakespeare's days —  
Aye, mighty Shakespeare's John the Baptist thou!

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The Minstrel

FRANCES MARKLEY

*Agnes Scott College*

The Organ-Grinder man comes down the street!  
From tenements a noisy group will run,  
Whose yesterdays have blossomed 'neath the  
sun

Of other lands, and now together meet.  
They join soiled hands, and dance with nimble  
feet,

As crude and painted harmonies are spun  
From out the stilt-held box, and in their fun  
Instinctively they sway, advance, retreat.  
Oh, might we for a moment lay aside  
Our dear-bought burdens, heavy-grown too  
soon,

Forgetting all our envy, hates, and pride,  
And dance with you to Maestro Tony's tune!  
May it not be that God is waiting, too,  
For us to turn our step and dance with you.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### A Scholar

LEM PHILLIPS

*University of Illinois*

I have red blood in my veins  
And a strong body  
Fit for work.

I have a strong back  
And thick-muscled arms  
That can handle a stoker's slice bar.  
My hand has known the feel of the throttle;  
I have been the master of power.  
I have stood between the roaring cranks  
Unafraid.  
I have strong gripping fingers  
That have held me firm  
On the swaying mast.  
I have the skill in my hands to steer a steady  
course  
In a stormy sea.  
I have eyes to mark a distant light  
And a deep-throated voice to report it.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

I have red blood in my veins  
And a strong body  
Fit for work,  
Yet I have put oval panes of glass  
Before my eyes,  
That I may drink a diluted cup of life  
From a printed page —  
. . . . .God! I am lazy.



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### To Francisco Pizarro

Conqueror of Peru

Buried in the Lima Cathedral

WILLIS K. JONES      *Pennsylvania State College*

A crypt in silent darkness —

A couch of stone with crystal frieze

Through which the idly curious tourists peer

As the rheumy-eyed guide unlocks the clasps

And lets the barred grating swing slowly  
aside —

This — this is the resting place of the mighty  
Pizarro.

Where is thy glistening cuirass, thy helmet  
now?

Here, only the mummied body, bared for a  
penny to the staring gapers.

Thine eyes that blazed at all the Inca gold

See not the flickering taper which the old priest  
lights.

Nor could thy wasted treasure, with all its  
brilliance,

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Lure back for but a single hour  
The fire within those gaping voids  
That once shriveled men with terror.  
Thy lips are thin and silent,  
Those lips which then commanded, and men  
obeyed.

Where is thy Emperor's ransom of gold  
That fell to thee, O Mighty Conqueror?  
Is this all that remains:  
The golden inlaid letters of thy vault,  
And the flask which the snivelling guide points  
out,  
"*Sus intestinos, señor!*"  
And blowing out the candle  
He leaves thee to silence — and lost kingdoms.

Sleep on, O conquered one.  
Death, a greater miser than thou,  
Has filched thy gold from thee,  
And guards thee well among his treasures.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### To Keats

(“Here lies one whose name was writ in  
water.”)

GERTRUDE ENID GESSLER

*Milton College*

Thy name was writ in water? Thine? Ah, no!  
Unless it be as lovely things that pass:  
Glories of sunsets gone, and dew-drenched  
grass,  
Treasures that memory lends a heightened glow.  
A flower may wither, but it never dies;  
It holds within the heart eternal sway  
Where all dear music goes, and lost songs  
stray,  
Immortal as the dreams in children's eyes.

All loveliness was as a guest to thee;  
Visions of fame and wealth were cast afar.  
Within thy verse are leafy sunbeams caught  
And fairy trumpets, — thunder of the sea;  
A magic tapestry therein is wrought,  
O wingèd one! “as steadfast as a star.”

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

A Thought

PHILIP W. BARBER

*Grinnell College*

On busy days  
When hopeful-fashioned  
Flowers and clouds  
Are passed unnoticed : —  
God must be very lonely.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Bubbles

STELLA CARSE

*Grinnell College*

But yesterday three little tots  
Were blowing thin bubbles of soap,  
Thin bubbles, but brimful of hope.

Small Betty mixed up the suds,  
And Gwendolyn bossed when she durst;  
I laughed, because bubbles would burst.

Now Betty's in charge of a home  
And Gwendolyn bosses a state;  
And I — oh, I laugh at my fate.

## Worlds and Atoms

SAMUEL SELDEN

Yale University

*"I hold in my palm a small ruby. It is composed of a myriad of atoms. Each of these is infinitesimal. But, may it not be merely the sum of other particles, which are in turn composed of atoms yet more minute? And may there not be on the smallest, beasts, plants, and men?"*

Along a footpath that wanders into the depths of a mountain valley trudges an old peasant. The sun blazes and he moves slowly . . .

With every step, within the tiny atom-universe of a steel peg in his right boot heel, aeons pass. Astral dust contracts into atom star-suns; worlds spring into being, evolve in their varied life, rush through their ages, and crumble into ashes — all again to feel the quickening spirit of the universe and live new eras.

The great boot stumbles against a stone. At once a hundred million comets dart upward through the little universe.

On a planet in one of the larger solar systems of this universe the most renowned astronomer of his day is gazing through his giant telescope

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

at a particularly brilliant comet. He reaches down and moves a small lever. The immense bulk of the multicomplcated machine, result of centuries of inventive science, swings light as a feather to the touch — perfectly balanced.

A small sand flea, blown from the ground below, crawls slowly across the huge upper lens. Midway the glassy desert it stops a moment to brush its wings. A minute particle of dust falls to the glass with an ethereal clink. As it strikes, the myriad systems of the atom universe within it rush and crash in a vast confusion of fire. Lightning flashes, with the roar and crack of thunder. Flames, billions of "miles" in height dart and leap through space, and the whole seethes in a boiling tumult.

In a large cathedral on one of the tiny worlds as yet untouched, in this chaos, huddles a mass of trembling, moaning people, of whom many lie white and unconscious. The rich calm voice of a priest sounds through the building, and the people bow in prayer. The ground reels heavily, the great cathedral crashes, and black silence reigns supreme. . . .

The old peasant slowly sits up and ruefully rubs a bruised elbow. "Damn that stone!" he mutters.

## To the Jews

WILL GARRETT

*University of California*

The sunset draws across your face . . .  
Slowly . . . slowly,  
O Cantor of the Tribulation!  
Drumbeats cling about you, trembling . . .  
Sad air swirls around you, wailing . . .  
Misery and tribulation . . .  
Tears, and tintinabulation . . .  
    Cling about you, trembling,  
    Swirl about you, wailing.  
And you beat the breasts of dead and wasted  
    hours —  
    Hours that are dead with dirt —  
    Wasted hours of pain and hurt,  
And murmur that your eyes are closed with  
    ancient weeping.  
The sun-ball is not hidden yet, nor is it dead . . .  
Turn your red lips to a smile, raise up your head.  
    head.  
Lift your hot and glowing eyes,  
The empty black before your face



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Will overflow with light . . .  
The sunset draws across your face,  
Slowly . . . Slowly . .  
O, Cantor of the Tribulation!

## The Philosopher Accepts

M. GRANT LUCAS, JR.

*Dartmouth College*

You say you'd like a walk? Oh well, I'll walk,  
Though evenings I prefer to walk alone . . .  
Your pardon. Still, I'm somehow solitary  
After sundown. I dream, absorbing all  
The peace and beauty. Afternoon's the time  
For walks that tend to be . . . Well, conver-  
sational.

The sunshine warms men to each other. You  
can watch

Your fellow's face, the while he spins himself  
Into a tapestry for your examining.  
But, if I go, promise me not to take affront  
To find me brooding . . . paying little heed  
To what you say. Twilight's my time for  
brooding.

A custom I learned early, of my father;  
When, in the dusk, we'd ramble hours together  
And not a word would ever pass between us.  
My spirit learned to bathe itself in distance.  
And does. You'll risked the spoiled evening?  
Well, allons! A mile or so, no more.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

I'll bore you likely. Still, I can't refuse  
The compliment. But mark . . . I've warned  
you.

The door? Oh, leave it open. I've nothing  
worthy

Of a thief but books. And thieves, who show  
Their lack of wisdom by their furtive calling,  
Can little use them. Too, a friend might come,  
And locks sit ill with friendship. I believe  
The dews are falling. Which road? Ah, the  
Needle . . .

A goodly stroll for twilight. You've proper  
taste.

Yes, the dews are falling . . .

There's the moon. . . .

## The Upper World

LOOTFI MINAS

*Brown University*

And thus spoke the grand-child to his grandmother: — "Some day men will not be made of dust nor will they be inhabitants of the earth. They will be born into the Upper World with a sun-like body. Their nudity will be the moral law of Nature and Beauty. They will pass by the other planets like comets and will be called human-birds. They will have only one tongue as well as one song. The men of that century will live in marble towers. God will not be able any more to disorder their tongue as He did in Babel. The women will become crystalized and their beauty will lighten the earth. The rainbow will be about their bodies like a ribbon. When a new-born comes to their boundaries the women will escort him, having the stars on their fingers for lighting his way and make him safe in his reaching to the mystery of towers. The new-born, in order to grow, will always raise his hands and his stature to the moon. If one of them stop to sing they will realize that he is dead

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

and will drop his corpse from the tower, laughing loudly. Down below, the civilized gorillas will bury it as a present from heaven. This world will become the cemetery of the upper inhabitants."

The grand-mother, greatly surprised by his wisdom, asked him, "Who will be the God of that century?"

— "The God for them will be dead forever, as well as the notion of Good and Evil. In order to become complete they will like death as much as life, because both life and death supplement each other. Whoever dares to think of the mystery of the universe will be dropped down in the seas as a devil. Innocence will be accepted as superb wisdom."

"Well! What about the law?" she asked.

— "Even a trace of it will be unknown, because men will not have any more causes of anger. The kiss will indicate eternal peace. All men will live in the upper world on terms of equality like stars. They will be born and will die as easily as the sun rises and sets."

The grand-mother fervently raised her skeleton-like hands and begged from the God of her days to make the grand-child an inhabitant of the Upper World.

Cornell Special — Easter Recess

D. E. KEENAN

*Cornell University*

Sharply, the whistle,  
Cleaving the flabby talk of good-byes and good-  
wishes,  
Writhes like a steel-clad arm between those on  
the train and those that crowd on the plat-  
form.  
Grinding of doors that close, opening windows.  
“Good-bye till . . .”  
But the heavy bell pounds the words into pulp,  
The faces are lumped together.  
The train thru its ringed length shudders, un-  
coiling,  
Tosses a mane, black and white grizzled, and  
hisses:  
Quivers, shivers, jerks into crawling, starts into  
running, darts into flying, — is gone.

“Ah, my dear, you here?” —

“As you see.” — “Indeed.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

I won't talk if you're tired (as you must be) and  
need

Some rest. Here's *The Widow* to read.

Won't strain your brain nor your eyes, nor, I  
fear,

Your — what do you call 'em? — muscles of  
laughter." . . .

Far above Cayuga, the library tower sways,  
bends backward, is caught in the hills.

Over my shoulder aslant, Buttermilk spills.

It is good to be here, to be gone, and to feel

Empty mind and the sensuous motion and hum  
of the wheel

Grinding the distance to powder with steel upon  
steel.

Aimed straight at the hill-side we fly, and miss it  
by inches.

Echoes, mighty as boulders, roll down the slopes  
against us.

Proudly thru villages, unstopping, disdainful, —  
The church-spires crazily dancing, the houses  
tumbled together, —

We hurl mocking cinders on washings, inflated  
grotesquely,

Blow greasy smoke into the mouth of the little  
girl waving to greet us. —

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

"Heavens, I've had a nap!" —

"*Potterism?* What is it? Ceramics stuff?" —

"He's one of those foreigners, Cuban or Jap,  
Just which — " "It's a Gossard, too, and  
that — "

"We'll beat Penn this time if enough — "

"Damn it all, we've got to have Yap

Or — " "Maud is the cattiest cat!" . . .

The wires swoop down, then leap up at the poles  
and catch them.

On each side, like a wheel, the plain is turning,

Two wheels with the track between,

Turning to drive us forward.

Then chaos of hill, tangled belts, and twisted ma-  
chinery. —

On, on.

At the curve, I can see the head with the serpent  
scale,

And behind, the ruby-lit sting of the tail.

I am tired sitting still.

Gas in my nostrils. Grit on the window sill.

Murmur of talk. And my head droops left,  
droops right,

As we hurl thru the rumbling darkness into an  
aching night.



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### A Prayer for Sight

BELLE CAPLES MORRIS *Johns Hopkins University*

Dear Lord, give me to know  
The measure of the greater span  
To which mankind shall grow;  
Help me to see and understand  
The upward trend through all the land,  
The worth of things below.

Father, give me to see  
The reason of the bitter things  
That seemingly must be;  
Sin, sorrow, suffering and blight,  
And how and when from out their night,  
A fuller light shall be.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Attainment

MICHAEL NADEL *College of the City of New York*

Why is the moon so pale tonight, so pale, and  
wan, and dead?

Ah! the shade of a dream has brushed its face,  
and the shade of a dream has fled.

Why is the sea so calm today, so calm, and cool,  
and still?

Ah! 'tis the wake of a storm that raged, and died  
at the height of its fill.

Why is the sun so bright today, so bright in its  
vaulted way?

Ah! 'tis a smile for God's green earth at the  
dawn of a glorious day!

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### My Prayer

B. L. SHURTLEFF

*Brown University*

I ask no cross to mark the spot  
Where I may fall,  
No monument to grace the site,  
No heralds singing of the fight,  
But just the rhymes that I may write,  
And that is all.

I do not ask for happiness  
Upon this earth,  
But that my God will bless my pen,  
And wring my soul in pain again  
In order that I bring to men  
Something of worth.

I seek not for a miser's hoard  
Of tawdry pelf,  
But just a simple life to lead  
With scarce enough to fill each need;  
My life unto the world I cede,  
To find itself.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

There is but one thing I desire,  
God grant it me,  
That when the lowly and the weak  
A steadfast, helpful friend may seek,  
My rhymes might come to them and speak,  
Pointing to Thee.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

And I rather thought the devil mocked me.  
Then I saw a thing diabolic,  
It was a lake full alcoholic.  
A man was out there in a boat,  
Which the strong liquor kept afloat.  
His lolling tongue was cracked with thirst,  
And he raved and moaned and vilely cursed;  
For each time that he sought to drink,  
The lake would draw away and shrink.  
On earth he's loved the thing too well;  
I weakly murmured, — so this is hell.

It seemed a wicked way to serve us,  
And I was getting very nervous.  
I thought the devil looked quite knowing,  
When I remarked, I'd best be going;  
He flipped his tail and cruelly said,  
"Have you forgotten that you're dead,  
And have come to live with me?"  
Then he laughed in hellish glee.  
I bowed my head, my heart turned cold,  
My earth's desire had been for gold.  
I'd cheated friends, and always trod  
The weak ones down to gain my god.  
What would he do? I could not tell,  
I sickly muttered, — so this is hell.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Old Satan winked, his finger crooking,  
Said, "Come with me if you're tired of looking."  
Down through a hall with many a turning,  
He dragged me, all my prayers quite spurning.  
He thrust me in a room all yellow,  
And roared with sort of bullish bellow,  
"Here with your gold, your best loved friend,  
All eternity you shall spend.  
On earth you always did enjoin  
That nothing talked so well as coin,  
So you and gold have one long chat,  
You'll not be bothered, I'll see to that."

As he locked him in his golden cell,  
A voice screamed out, — "Oh, this is hell."

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Shuttles

FRANCES COCKE

*Barnard College*

That maple tree is a slender loom,  
The sun is a shuttle of gold,  
And it weaves through all of a summer day  
Shadows, fold on fold.  
More delicate fabrics queen ne'er wore,  
Nor Eastern merchant sold.

My heart is a strong, true, faithful loom,  
Your love is a shuttle of gold.  
But what of the spinning? Its shimmer and  
gleam  
No poet hath fitly told.  
Only God knows, so I choose his hands  
My finished webs to hold.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Memory

DOROTHEA WESTLAKE     *University of Michigan*

Memory is an old grey woman

Who sits at the heart's gateway;

Knitting, endlessly knitting

Her garment of grey, dull grey.

Her skirts sweep back till the fringe is lost

On the edge of the world's first day;

But it falls from her hand in a sullen stream

Of grey, monotonous grey.

There where Memory's dress is lost

On the morning's gold-white rim,

Are all the suns of the youth of us

And the things that are old and dim.



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

On the fringe of the dress are the butterflies;  
Bright gossamer playthings of old;  
The dress is no longer grey, dull grey,  
But azure, and crimson, and gold.

The farthest folds of her long, long dress  
Are lambent colors that leap and play;  
But we do not look at her hands where she knits,  
For there it is grey, dull grey.

## The Jeweler

ARTHUR R. CURRY

*University of Illinois*

The jeweler put out a velvet pad,  
Pleasing to touch and yellow as pure gold.  
Thereon he placed a row of glowing rubies;  
Then, nearer me, a row of cold, white diamonds;  
And last, a row of tranquil amethysts.  
Then looking up to catch my admiration,  
"These," he said, pointing, "are erotic sonnets;  
And these are poems of the intellect;  
And these are of devotion and the spirit.  
Some lapidary, taking stones of value,  
Has made them into gems of sparkling beauty.  
But see you this," he said, the while withdrawing  
A purple pad whereon a necklace lay,  
A coil of lucent pearls. He raised them up  
And fondled them between us and the light.  
"No lapidary, friend, is vain enough  
To touch an instrument to one of these.  
These are the lovely thoughts that move in beauty  
Like maidens sporting in a lily pond."  
He coiled the necklace on the purple pad;

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

Then, looking up, but pointing while he spoke:  
"This is the poetry that needs no art  
But that inherent in the form God gave it.  
We make our diamonds, but we search for  
pearls."

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

In Prison

MAXWELL E. FOSTER

*Yale University*

I always hated little things,  
And that is why  
Fate laughs, and in her humor brings  
A little sky.

I always hated pale, wan light  
So she must place  
This faded, limpid moon each night  
Before my face.

You see, my friend, these iron bars?  
I hated these.  
I loved the freedom of the stars,  
The winds, the seas.

But God tries to alleviate  
And sympathize,  
And so he has, to trick old Fate,  
Put out my eyes.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Jane Emery

GRACE HUNTER

*State University of Iowa*

In the summer I made many careful stitches.  
My needle went in and out among the threads  
Of soft white cloth and laces gladly.  
I dreamed, "At Christmas time  
The lovely child will lie within my arms."  
But the many thotful stitches clothed  
A little stillborn babe.

When New Year's came an old school friend  
Reminded me of Roman Janus,  
God of doorways and of entrances.  
She said, "Out of your last month's sorrow  
Make a forward-looking strength."

And I was growing stronger and more cheerful  
For my husband's sake,  
When in one hour of one calm day,  
In our little living room I saw  
My mother lying, burned to death,

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A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

And father, who could never turn  
To see his flaming house across the street,  
Sat there and watched her die.

The minister prayed and talked —  
Of God as they always do —  
But O, what gods, heathen or divine,  
Can bring my mother back to me,  
Or yield me once the pressure  
Of a little, seeking mouth ?

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### On the Death of Theodore Roosevelt January 6, 1919.

READ BAIN

*University of Oregon*

I cannot read today.  
The page is blurs.  
A surge of blind dismay  
Within me stirs  
As if some solemn voice had slowly said,  
"Dead! he is dead!"

I cannot see the sun  
Or hear the birds.  
Harsh grief for that great one  
Forms but these words  
And clangs them like a battle thru my head:  
"Dead! dead! dead!"

I cannot think or feel.  
My mind is void.  
Fate's whirring, senseless wheel  
Has *him* destroyed!  
That man who never followed, always led, —  
Dead! he is dead!

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A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

Sturdy he stood to the forefront wherever the  
fighting rumbled,  
Battle of brain or of muscle, he never was falter-  
ing found;  
Weak men around him trembled, false ram-  
parts cracked and crumbled,  
But always he stood to the struggle, fighting  
each foot of the ground.

He never was made for a party: too great was  
his aspiring,  
Too far his world-wide vision, to knuckle to  
clique or clan;  
He was destined for fame's green laurels. Tho  
not of his own desiring,  
He wore them as masters wear them, — master,  
yet common man.

Wherever the fight was thickest, there was his  
banner flying;  
He spoke great words and he lived them, shap-  
ing his pledges to deeds;  
"American" pulsed in his heart beats, and  
Americans all are trying  
To see and improve his vision and follow wher-  
ever it leads!



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

*And hence we shall not weep*

*For him we miss.*

*His death is but a leap*

*To There from This.*

*For such as he, oblivion holds no dread:*

*He is not dead.*

## First Bitterness

GEORGE CRAIN      *University of North Dakota*

Tell me, why did Death take my flower  
When doctors skilled, connived  
To save his life,  
While the nine half-breed children  
In the hut below the mill  
Ran barefoot thru the snow  
Regardless of the fearful plague  
And thrived?

Was he too beautiful for earth,  
Our infant son?  
You envied us his smile so sweet,  
And took our longed-for son,  
You fiend!  
You hated us because he was so fair,  
And would not let him eat,  
While old drunken Potter  
Thrown half across the street  
By a fast-going taxicab,  
Revived!

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

He was the summit of our love  
The flower of our two years wedded joy.  
A brief two years of happiness,  
And now the pain,  
Oh God, our baby boy!  
While down Fish alley  
Molly Belatt,  
Cursed her healthy, unwelcome bastard brat.

Death took our first-born son;  
Love could not hold him.  
The hours we spent in visioning his life  
With us from babyhood to manhood  
Mock and jibe;  
And every moment of our love and care for him  
Shrieks out of corners where we run to hide  
Our bitterness.  
"They must have needed angels"  
His mother said.  
(There is no heaven)  
You took him,  
Dead!  
Yet widow Paulson lay for years  
Groaning with pain upon her invalid's bed.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The Coffin In the Express-House

B. A. BOTKIN

*Columbia University*

Deaf to the rumble of trucks on the floor,  
Endlessly winding from door to door,

Blind to the bending and straining men  
That reap confusion and sow it again,

Strangely remote, in a corner it lies,  
Still with a quiet that shuts out their cries.

What is the aching and heart-breaking day  
To "Remains of—in transit," a box on its  
way,

Awaiting mid ribald laughter and oath  
The decorous hearse — oblivious of both?

For me in the heat and the dust it is good  
To gaze at the coolly impersonal wood,

And check a pilfering craving to reach  
Into a crate for a blooming peach.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

With a look that is sad and imperious and wise,  
It chastens and chides my mouth and eyes,

Purging me, lifting above the roar  
To the souls in transit from shore to shore.

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

**Finis**

PAUL DE WITT PAGE                      *Georgetown College*

I dreamt I knelt beside the couch, oh sweet,  
Where you lay dying; that your fairy feet  
    Were stilled at last  
From dancing and your face was bleak and  
    gray  
As if for sorrow of some bitter day  
    In the dead past.

The glory of your swift and sun-kissed hair  
Lay framed about your face, where brooding  
    care  
    Had graven deep  
And tear-washed lines. Your pale face wore a  
    frown  
And quivering your eyelids fluttered down  
    As if to sleep.

You knew me at the end. Through parted lips  
You murmured softly, "Not my finger-tips."  
    And from the bed  
— Oh, as the lily lifts her pallid cup —  
To meet my kiss your wan face lifted up  
    And you were dead.

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Francesco Passes

LAURENCE HARRIS

*Yale University*

Close the great book: make fast the jewelled  
clasps.

Pale years and purple years have slowly  
passed

In shadow file, livid and purple asps,  
Creeping and sliding, crawling until the last  
Has reached the sunless moor at Earth's gray  
rim,  
Where burning sands grow cold and gold sands  
dim.

The winds, long rising, surge now at the door.  
Ten thousand tongues are tempting in their  
calls.

The rubied embers of the dying fire  
Send frenzied dancers up and down the walls.

Black velvet! White, white throat! What—  
nevermore!

Always those calls and now a distant lyre!  
Then gently close the book. The end is writ.

Ah, Laura! If this be the end of it. . . .

## Immortality

CATHERINE URELL

*Elmira College*

I dreamed that Love might live again  
If I should touch his brow ;  
That eyes, from the deepening dusk gone blind,  
Opened by light reborn, might find  
Fresh blooms in faded flowers, old ways  
Verdant with sweet returnings, rays  
Clear-darting from the burned-out vow.  
I dreamed that Love might live again  
If I should touch his brow.

I sought the lofty groves of death,  
And found Love lying there.  
Nature his beauty still revered ;  
Grey healing in the veil appeared  
Which swathed his limbs' reposeful grace ;  
A mystic radiance o'er his face  
Shone deathless, dreamless, dim, and fair.  
So peaceful was his smile-in-death  
I left Love lying there.



## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### The City of Hidden Knowledge

HAROLD McMURRY

*College of the Pacific*

I think I read this story in an old, forgotten  
book

That I found upon a dusty shelf in Mahoun's  
curio booth,

Lying by a Buddha with an all-world-knowing  
look;

Or maybe once I dreamed it, though I always  
felt its truth. . . .

Off far within the desert of Goroma stark with  
bale,

Where the wolves that feed on nothing howl  
throughout the oven night,

And glassy shadows of the damned 'neath  
coppery sun dance pale,

You may see the yellow walls of Koloth deathly  
bright.

They say the gods once cursed it in a day of  
anger blind,

So the stillness of a living death hangs brood-  
ing o'er its gates —

A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1920-21

The gates with gems encrusted such as man has  
    never mined,  
And the walls traced o'er with frescoes of a  
    thousand futures' fates.

Within a scent of sandal-wood hung o'er the  
    market place;  
In darkened rooms great Giants slept upon  
    the torrid floors;  
And thick brown moss upon the walks lay  
    whispering at my pace;  
The whispers fled at my approach down  
    soundless corridors.

The fear of stillness chilled my soul and a spirit  
    found me shaken:  
    "Why sleep they all so soundly in this city  
    parched and hoar?"  
It answered without speaking: "Hold your  
    peace, for if they waken,  
The gods that day will die and trusting man  
    will dream no more."

## THE POETS OF THE FUTURE

### Infinite Purpose

CHARLTON G. LAIRD      *State University of Iowa*

I've pondered much on immortality,  
And wondered often, "Where am I to go?"  
Considering life, and how the ebb and flow  
Will merge its tide into eternity.  
God lives in man and nature. I can see  
His tenderness in violets blooming low,  
His spirit crystallized in each flake of snow  
And gloried by each soul-portraying tree.  
I do not know of what I am a part.  
In some great movement or some petty plan  
I'll find the place where I can best serve man,  
And there I'll live the fullness of my heart.  
I know that God is but simplicity;  
My heaven lies where'er love kisses me.

## Other Poems of Distinction

### ACADIA UNIVERSITY

High on the Hill	<i>A. W. Boulter</i>
Grandfather Sun	<i>E. R. Fash</i>
Spring	<i>H. D. Fritz</i>
The End of the Rainbow	<i>H. S. Thurston</i>

### AGNES SCOTT COLLEGE

Youth	<i>Elizabeth Enloe</i>
'Tis a Changeful Thing	<i>Mary Anne Justice</i>
The Flight of Daphne	<i>Charlotte Newton</i>

### ALBRIGHT COLLEGE

The Banker	<i>Jacob B. Troutman</i>
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### AMHERST COLLEGE

Mrs. Bardwell	<i>E. A. Richards</i>
Katydid	<i>W. H. Root</i>

### ATHENS SCHOOL

The Works of God	<i>Ralph O. Taylor</i>
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## OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

### BARNARD COLLEGE

The Green	<i>Isabel E. Rathborne</i>
Your Love	<i>Jewel Wurtzbaugh</i>

### BAYLOR UNIVERSITY

Commencement	<i>J. Adrian Dowdle</i>
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### BOSTON UNIVERSITY

Thoughts	<i>Phyllis Coate</i>
Spring Psalm	<i>Marion Coon</i>
Sunset Time	<i>Valerie Holbrook Jenkins</i>

### BROWN UNIVERSITY

Kipling in India	<i>William B. Blake</i>
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### CAMPION COLLEGE

Hill-music	<i>Hugh John Sedgewick</i>
A Baby's Secret	<i>Bernard C. Johnson</i>

### CARTHAGE COLLEGE

Unfold Thy Charms	<i>Babette Kaltenbach</i>
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### COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

Onward	<i>C. I. Glicksberg</i>
Trees in November	<i>William Needles</i>
The Lunatic's Tale	<i>William N. Sternberg</i>

### COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

The Lane	<i>Margaret Louise Goreth</i>
Moon Path	<i>William S. Knickerbocker</i>

OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

Marcus Aurelius  
To Si-ling-she

*Virgil Markham*  
*Hope Satterthwaite*

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

Destiny

*H. Pennington Hale*

DEPAUW UNIVERSITY

Coeducation

*W. V. Brown*

EARLHAM COLLEGE

A Cat-Nap  
On a Sailing Vessel, Haïled From  
    an Ocean Liner  
Venit Virgo

*Ruth Blossom*  
*Howard Yarnall*  
*Paul Heironimus*

ELMIRA COLLEGE

To Jean  
Excuse

*Julia Evelyn Clark*  
*Katharine Henning*

EMORY UNIVERSITY

To the Mock-Bird  
Hard Times  
A Crowd

*Charles Bowie Millican*  
*Thomas Croom Partridge*  
*A. C. Stubbs*

GEORGIA TECHNOLOGY

Raptureland

*Iver Henry Granath*

## OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

### GEORGETOWN COLLEGE

The Masterpiece	<i>Hudson C. Grunewald</i>
Lines Written on the Death of	
Terence MacSwiney	<i>Thomas D. Kernan</i>
If You Were There	<i>Claiborne Lafferty</i>
The Crowning of the King	<i>Edward McIntyre</i>

### GRINNELL COLLEGE

The Pines	<i>Margaret McWilliams</i>
The Desert	<i>Charles E. Noyes</i>

### HARVARD UNIVERSITY

God-hoppers	<i>John Steidl</i>
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### HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

Ode to Night	<i>William E. Berry</i>
Stabat Mater	<i>Raymond A. Kearney</i>

### HOLLINS COLLEGE

Unheard Music	<i>Mary McKinney</i>
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### HUNTER COLLEGE

The Rose	<i>Edith Albert</i>
In Autumn	<i>Bessie Becker</i>
The Conqueror	<i>Madeline Davidson</i>

### LEHIGH UNIVERSITY

That Radiant Monarch	<i>John Clifford Roberts</i>
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## OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

### MACALESTER COLLEGE

Morn and Eve	<i>Maud A. McMahon</i>
To Nature	<i>Meryl J. Pederson</i>
A Case of One Fool Thing	
After Another	<i>E. P. Boyden</i>

### MCGILL UNIVERSITY

Darkness and Light	<i>E. C. Common</i>
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### MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE

Gossips	<i>Harriet M. Cogswell</i>
The Banshee	<i>Viola J. Don</i>
Home	<i>Mary Esther Dykema</i>
Rain Epics	<i>Miss S. R. McLean</i>
The Dunes	<i>Margaret Truesdell</i>

### NEWCOMB COLLEGE OF TULANE

Willow Trees	<i>Clara Lewis</i>
Caedmon, to the Abbess Hilda	<i>Lois K. Pelton</i>

### MIAMI UNIVERSITY

Possession	<i>Norma Lee Knight</i>
The Relic	<i>Carolyn C. Murphy</i>
To a Cigarette	<i>Dudley H. Robinson</i>
There Is a Song	<i>Paul Weidner</i>

### MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

A Prayer	<i>Miss Doris Upton</i>
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## OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

### MILLIKEN UNIVERSITY

Repose

*Ida Baker*

### MILTON COLLEGE

To a Forgotten Greek Pantheist *Mabel F. Arbuthnot*

### NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

The Beech

*Mary H. Blair*

Folk Song

*E. C. Lindeman*

### NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

The Butterfly

*Edward Staadt*

### OBERLIN COLLEGE

Moonbeams

*Ursula F. Wilder*

### OHIO UNIVERSITY

Memoire

*Kenneth B. Johnston*

Musings of the Sundial

*J. Wynne Vernon*

### RANDOLPH-MACON WOMAN'S COLLEGE

Ballade of an Artist

*Susan Duncan*

Forgotten Dreams

*Anna Clyde Porter*

### ROCKFORD COLLEGE

Falling Stars

*Katharine B. Cocke*

The Bird of Paradise

*Mildred M. Gollwitzer*

The Dream-Lady's Garden

*Lucile Lathrop*

## OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

### SHURTLEFF COLLEGE

Sunrise

*Orlo Brees*

### SIMPSON COLLEGE

Thirty Millions of Yellow Men  
Memorial

*Allan Stanley*  
*James Walls*

### SMITH COLLEGE

The Parade  
Four Walls

*Dorothy Butts*  
*Marion Ellet*

### ST. CATHERINE'S COLLEGE

A Love Song  
If I Were a Bird  
Sailing

*Marcella P. Frank*  
*Alice Smith*  
*Aimee White*

### ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, DAYTON, OHIO

Nature  
Evening on the Ægean  
To the Departed Prince  
The Traveler

*Anthony W. Hemmert*  
*John H. Holtvoigt*  
*R. J. Kitsteiner*  
*Charles J. Murray*

### TRINITY COLLEGE, NORTH CAROLINA

The Crooning of the Sea

*Robert T. Dunstan*

### TRINITY COLLEGE

To Our Cardinal

*Katharine McCormick*

## OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

### UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Woman to Her Fading Youth	<i>Josephine Brown</i>
Aspiration	<i>Jack Lyons</i>
Dance of the Vapors	<i>Stephen C. Pepper</i>
Seeking and Finding Not	<i>Paul Tanaquil</i>

### UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

White Nights	<i>Rebecca Emery</i>
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### UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Alms	<i>Lois Ferne Seyster</i>
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### UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Egypt	<i>Hardy Hoover</i>
Passing Camel Train on the Road to Teheran	<i>N. Ermentrude Martin</i>
Desire	<i>Helen Master</i>

### UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Fascination	<i>Lillias B. Hannah</i>
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### STATE UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

Indian Girls	<i>Verne Linderman</i>
The Trout	<i>Donald Stevens</i>
Light and Shadow, the Painter Speaks	<i>Mary E. Doerr</i>
The Seasons	<i>Philip R. White</i>
To a Barbed Wire Fence	<i>Jack Stone</i>
You Are Returning	<i>Lloyd S. Thompson</i>

## OTHER POEMS OF DISTINCTION

### UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

To My Friend	<i>Louis Bruggner</i>
The Janitor	<i>Harold E. McKee</i>

### UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA

To An Old Indian	<i>Rudolph Hill</i>
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### UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER

Proxy	<i>Katharine Anderson</i>
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### UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Fancies	<i>Dorothy Hawley Cartright</i>
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### UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

Sufficiency	<i>Gladys La Due Evans</i>
Song of the Idealist	<i>Ruth Harwood</i>
The Wind in a Temper	<i>Leah Rigby</i>
Appreciation	<i>Hazel Catherine Selby</i>
A Wood-Note	<i>Madelyn Stewart</i>

### UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

The Winds Blow East or West	<i>Chas. Edgar Gilliam</i>
Fairy Tears	<i>M. C. Harrison</i>
Tutus	<i>S. M. Kootz</i>

### UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Don't Spoil My Circle	<i>Waldo W. Batten</i>
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